CROSSMAN on CONSCRIPTION

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CONTENTS

THE NEWS IN REVIEW . . . . Page 174
THE NEW CASE AGAINST CONSCRIPTION. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 176
RADIOLOGICAL HAZARDS. By Prof. J. Rotblat . 177
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 178
MUM'S THE WORD. By Sagittarius . . 179
THIS ENGLAND 180
LOOKING AT LIFE. By V. S. Pritchett . . 180
D. H. LAWRENCE AS I KNEW HIM. By Frieda Lawrence 181
SKYE PLAYGROUND. By Elizabeth Coxhead . 183
THE BHANGHI'S HAIRCUT. By Elizabeth Partridge 184

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Page
Cactus Land. By T. C. Worsley . . 184
The Flesh and Its Denial. By John Berger 185
Rescue in the Dog Days. By William Whitebait 186
Person to Person. By William Salter . 186
CORRESPONDENCE 187
From Sir Robert Boothby, M.P.; R. L. Kitching; G. M. Lee; Hugh Jenkins; Charles Landstone; H. H. Brindley; Enid Starkie; Gerald Mann; Jean Lindsay and F. G. Skelton; Herbert Marshall and Mildred Stock.
BOOKS IN GENERAL:
Merchants and Missionaries. By Walter Allen 189

WHARNCLIFFE. By Donald Davie . . Page 190
DARKNESS AT NOON. By J. F. Hendry . 190
REVIEWS:
Churchill and Myself. By A. J. P. Taylor . 190
A Copper Mine. By H. R. Trevor-Roper . 191
He, She and It. By Arthur Marshall . . 192
Revolution in China. By Kingsley Martin . 192
Problem Critic. By A. Alvarez 193
Detection and Crime. By Ralph Partridge . 194
SHORTER REVIEWS 195
WEEK-END COMPETITION 195
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac . . . 196
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . 196

Problems of the Garden-party Peace

WHY does the British public remain so strangely unexcited by the peace boom which achieved a new high at President Bulganin's country house party last Sunday? The answer, we suspect, is that the man-in-the-street has inured himself to precarious living on these islands by dismissing as "scares" any predictions, however well-founded, of future calamity. Since 1945 he has ceased to worry about economic crisis, and since 1950 he has obstinately refused to take the threat of world war seriously. This attitude of sceptical detachment has its obvious advantages. But it prevents him from sharing the pleasures of relief which are felt by the politicians each time imminent catastrophe is averted.

It is indeed an intense sense of relief which unites President Eisenhower with President Bulganin. Neither ever conceived that his own country would launch war. But each giant was quite convinced that the other giant was capable of doing so. It was this conviction which created the climate of cold war, and precipitated the rearmament race. The cold war was suddenly called off at Geneva because both sides recognised that these suspicions were entirely unfounded. It is now admitted that there is no Hitler either in the White House or in the Kremlin fanatically set on a career of world conquest.

So far, so good. But the dispersal of mutual fear settles nothing. Since Geneva, it has become clear that both sides believe in restoring normal diplomatic relations, developing new contacts, and entering on serious negotiation. But it would be idle to deny that the talks between America and China have started very slowly indeed, and that in the case of Germany the divergencies between East and West have actually hardened. The Russians have now ostentatiously given unreserved support to the East German regime, and Sir Anthony Eden, a few days ago, sent a letter to Dr. Adenauer assuring him that Britain will never compromise his uncompromising position for the sake of a *détente*. The new climate of peaceful co-existence has not, so far, produced any readiness on either side to make the substantial concessions which a settlement of the main issues requires.

Moreover, the lesser trouble spots remain as dangerous as ever. In the Pacific, for instance, there are quite a number of places where the politicians owe their inflated importance to the cold war, and keenly resent its disappearance. Syngman Rhee in South Korea, Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa and the mysterious Mr. Diem in Vietnam are all of them cold war profiteers faced with the prospect of political bankruptcy if peace really breaks out. Each of them is still doing his utmost to prevent this. Because he knows that he will lose them, Diem is busy trying to prevent the elections due next year under the terms of the Geneva Agreement. Chiang is still attacking British ships passing through the Formosa Straits on their way to the ports of Communist China, and Syngman Rhee is organising spontaneous attacks on the residence of the Communist members of the Neutral Commission in South Korea. The Great Powers may have decided that war is impossible, but so long as there is no firm peace settlement, a war situation could be created by a very small Power.

Suppose Syngman Rhee invaded North Korea. What then? Would the United States permit the Security Council to use sanctions in order to defeat his aggression? Suppose the North Korean Communists invaded the South. Would Russia use her veto on their behalf? A climate of peaceful co-existence is a miraculous improvement on a cold war; but it is not enough. Indeed, it can disappear as quickly as it came if the statesmen are content to toast each other at their country houses. Perhaps the first real test of the new mood will be the willingness of both sides to crack down on a truculent satellite if it seems about to break the peace. If that happens, even our sceptical public will believe there is something to cheer.

The News in Review

At Home

THE resolutions for Labour's Margate conference suggest that the proceedings will be much less tense and perhaps more confused than in recent years. The local parties have plumped for three main issues—party reorganisation, the hydrogen bomb and a call for a more "Socialist" policy. On the first, they have been overtaken by the Executive's own inquiry, and that report will presumably be available in time for the conference to debate it. Opposition to British manufacture of the H-bomb is strong at the constituency level, but this issue is unlikely to rally the support that the three "Bevanite" campaigns commanded in the past, because the Left has itself been divided about the H-bomb.

The demand for a more radical policy, voiced in fifty-one resolutions, has been ridiculed in some sections of the press, though it undoubtedly reflects the view of most active workers in the constituencies. It is true that most of these resolutions are more an expression of faith or protest than definitions of what a "Socialist" policy should be. But no single constituency party is capable of drafting a detailed policy; that is the function of the Executive and its research department. The task of the Labour Conference is to make decisions on broad principles, to set the context within which detailed policy is drafted. The real weakness of this group of resolutions is that the principle is so broad that it is incapable of precise formulation. What Labour needs is a genuine debate about its objectives; but neither Right nor Left have yet offered coherent suggestions on which such a controversy could be based.

AT the T.U.C. in September, attention is likely to centre on three issues. The first will deal with the unions' attitude towards unofficial strikes and strike legislation. The second will be the discussion of shortcomings within nationalised industries, and the need for reforms in trade union structure. The third, in which the real problems may yet remain unstated, will be the debate on resolutions denouncing racial discriminations. If the West Indian immigration continues on the present scale, there may well be a serious contrast between the formal brotherhood to which T.U.C. delegates subscribe and the actual behaviour of their rank-and-file.

AT the end of last week, it looked as if the decision by all the joint stock banks to require drastic reduction in overdrafts had worked the disinflationery trick for Mr. Butler. Considerable selling of industrial securities by people who had borrowed money from their bankers to make speculative purchases wiped several hundred million in a few days off paper values which had expanded by something like £3,000m. in the past year—the biggest single factor in the current inflationary increase of internal purchasing power. Unexpectedly, however, the market rallied strongly in the early part of this week: the big electricity loan was well received; buyers came forward for gilt-edged at their present lower prices; and the recovery of industrials suggested that speculators were still persuaded that boom conditions would last despite a 4½ per cent. bank rate. With the prospect of large new wage demands by engineers, ship-builders and railwaymen—as well as the pay increase awarded to the Civil Service—the question arises whether the Chancellor will not have to reinforce his monetary measures by a stiff autumn Budget.

THE Executive of the N.U.M. has temporised discreetly over the question whether or not to accept more foreign workers in the pits: a subcommittee is to review the whole position of man-power and recruitment, and to report back to the Executive at Southport in September. The Executive doubtless felt that it would be impolitic to reject out of hand the tentative suggestion which the N.C.B. had made, that 12,000 Italians and Austrians should be imported this year and trained; but the final decision of the N.U.M. is almost a foregone conclusion. The Durham area, where there is no labour shortage and foreign workers would not be introduced, may endorse the N.C.B.'s proposal; but Scotland, South Wales, and—most important of all—Yorkshire appear to be adamant against acceptance. For the N.C.B. the situation is difficult; for present indications are that recruitment will fail badly this year to keep pace with the numbers retiring or invalided out.

Overseas

THE stage-managed demonstrations against the Neutral Commission in Korea are clearly designed to strengthen the doubts of the Swiss and the Swedes about the further use of the Commission. They have increasingly complained that the Commission's work is futile, severely restricted in the North and bitterly denounced by Syngman Rhee in the South. Washington, indeed, seems to believe that the Commission is now valueless, and that the Korean situation should be referred back to the U.N. It must, however, have some misgivings about this new outbreak of truculence by Rhee, especially as he has declared his intention of "recovering" a strip of territory between Inchon and the 38th Parallel.

PORTUGUESE refusal to read the writing on the Goan wall is an astonishingly shortsighted example of an out-of-date colonialism. "In 1947," as Mr. Nehru told a correspondent of *The Times* last week, India "took it for granted that the French and Portuguese would leave with the British; after all, they survived in India only because of the British." Year after year, as August 15 (Independence Day) comes round, the demand for the accession of Goa to India revives, with the increasing risk of violence on both sides. If this happens—and it is primarily Mr. Nehru's appeal for non-violence which has thus far avoided it—colonial repression and retaliation are inevitable; in the end Portugal will have to give up under duress what she could now transfer with good grace. At the moment, the Goans in Goa are prevented from political agitation, but there is little doubt that, given the choice, two-thirds of the people would vote for India.

AT the last moment, the United Front made an offer which prevented Mr. Suhrawardy from being sworn in as Prime Minister of Pakistan. Though negotiations continue in Karachi as we go to press, the United Front has offered to join a three-party coalition with the Muslim League and the Awami League on condition that Mr. Chaudri Mohammed Ali is appointed Premier, and that Mr. Suhrawardy becomes his deputy. With General Mirza, the acting Governor-General, these three men would form a strong team: Mr. Chaudri Mohammed Ali, as Finance Minister, was responsible for the recent devaluation of the rupee—on which a Correspondent comments in a later column—and Mr. Suhrawardy, as Law Minister, has been mainly responsible for the draft of the new Constitution.

IN Austria, while the Occupation forces are busy packing, and the population of Salzburg is happily buying, at knock-out prices, refrigerators, electric stoves and all manner of gadgets from the U.S. barracks, the Government has received good news about the condition of the Zistersdorf oilfield. Chancellor Raab and Dr. Kamitz, the Minister of Finance, writes our correspondent in Vienna, recently made a tour of inspection of the whole of Orop's assets, in company with Mr. Jishin, Soviet Vice-Minister of Foreign Trade. Everything was found to be in excellent order, and it is now hoped that it may be possible even to expand the present drilling programme, since little more than half of the drilling apparatus installed by the Russians is now in operation. Less comfortable, however, for Dr. Kamitz is the fact that Austria has to pay the Russian Military Bank in Vienna the sum of 815 million Schillings for "debts" due from the U.S.I.A. factories. The origin and status of these debts are something of a mystery; but critics of the Government allege that they represent liability for arrears of the 20 per cent. tax which the Russians appear to have imposed on the gross takings of the U.S.I.A. concerns, regardless of the real net profit. If that be the case, say the critics, the State Treaty should have provided for the deduction of these debts from the value of the deliveries which Austria has to pay the Russians for the factories.

ACCEPTANCE by the Colonial Office of Dr. Marshall's proposals for the reform of local government in British Guiana seems unlikely to console the Colony for the continued suspension of the Constitution. It is now proposed that the country should be covered by eighteen rural councils, with a separate local authority, consisting of 24 elected and six nominated members, for Greater Georgetown. This is, in itself, a commendable plan; but there are other grave problems which the new Governor of British Guiana will have to solve. The progress of promised economic development, writes a correspondent, is proving disappointingly slow; and, though something is being done to improve the housing situation, there is a feeling in the Colony that much money is being wasted in some of the schemes to which the Colonial Development Corporation has given its blessing. Meanwhile, the political life of the Colony is paralysed; no public meeting is allowed, and a police permit has to be secured for even such an innocuous assembly as a session of the executive committee of the East Indian Association. The P.P.P. itself has split, and the group led by Mr. Burnham is now inclined to collaborate with Government House. It is, however, estimated that, if free elections were held, the Left wing of the P.P.P., led by the Jagans, would still secure over 50 per cent. of the votes.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

End of Term Report

Our Paris Correspondent writes: When M. Faure packed off the Deputies for their summer holidays last week-end, he had every reason to feel pleased with himself. His first six months in office have been, it must be admitted, a remarkable *tour de force*. Although he presides over a thoroughly Right-wing government, and although his majority originally intended to use him merely as a Centre stop-gap until a suitable occasion arose to replace him with an orthodox Conservative (M. Pinay), he has succeeded in carrying through a number of progressive measures. The Franco-Tunisian Agreement has been skilfully guided through the Assembly and the Senate; the liberal M. Soustelle has been maintained in Algeria and some at least of his proposals have been accepted; a general strike of Government workers has been avoided by timely wage increases and the explosive labour situation in St. Nazaire has now been solved by Government action. Meanwhile, production has increased, and France is at last within measurable distance of an overseas trade balance. True, M. Faure has been obliged to make some concessions to the Right, and capital investment, which fell during 1954, is now at the annual level of 9.5 per cent., compared with 17 per cent. in Britain and 28 per cent. in West Germany. All in all, however, M. Faure has given his critics remarkably little raw material.

What of the future? When the Assembly reconvenes, the deputies will be in an electoral mood. There are signs, however, that the autumn strategy of the M.R.P.-Independent bloc—the replacement of M. Faure by M. Pinay—may have to be abandoned. M. Pinay is now comfortably installed in the Quai d'Orsay and has no wish to move from it. Moreover, M. Faure has let it be known that at the first sign of mutiny on the Right he will publicly reconcile himself to M. Mendès-France, carrying with him the (up till now) hesitant rump of the Radicals. His chances of staying in power until the elections may thus be said to have substantially increased.

Rome

New "Opening to the Left"?

Our Rome Correspondent writes: To appreciate the present situation one must turn back a page of history. Scelba, it will be recalled, governed with the support of the Christian Democrats, Liberals, Social-Democrats and Republicans. The Left wing of the Christian Democrat Party, headed by Gronchi, could be described as "semi-neutral," but, under certain circumstances, Scelba could call on the Right (Monarchists, Popular Monarchists, Fascists) for support. Meanwhile, Signor Nenni, the Socialist leader, had been negotiating with Gronchi for an eventual swing to the Left. Nenni's manoeuvres in this direction, and in particular his overtures to Fanfani, were viewed with some suspicion by Communist leaders, who considered that Socialist-Communist unity was being undermined. Nevertheless, the Communists stood by and said nothing.

Segni, unlike Scelba, has excluded all possibility of support from the extreme Right. His great danger is that he has pledged himself to economic reform. The unstable elements of his Government—the Liberals, who represent the Confindustria and the landowners, and the Right-wing "Concentration" of the Christian Democrats led by Pella, Gonella and Andreotti—will create difficulties when the question of land lease reform and State participation in industry are brought up.

Following the Geneva conference, the Communists, the Nenni Socialists, and the Gronchi group of Christian Democrats are united on most points of foreign policy. They demand, first, a collective pact of European security, and then the unification of Germany. Fanfani (who controls the Catholic Centre), the extreme Right (and the Americans) want things the other way round. One of the most important effects of Geneva, however, is that Longo, the deputy secretary of the Communist Party, now says that the "opening to the Left" is no longer an affair merely for Nenni, but that any government showing proof of being based on the "spirit of Geneva" will have Communist support. Longo explained that by "opening to the Left" the Communists meant changes internally as well as in Italian foreign policy. Above all, the Scelba policy of the discrimination of citizens into Communists and non-Communists should end.

Longo has also announced an important new policy in strike strategy, and implied that the old forms of trade union striking in single factories for economic reasons were over. The way to fight the owners, he said, was not to hit back only in one particular factory, but to bring out the peasants and other groups of citizens, both Catholics and Communists, in co-ordinated support strikes on a national scale. That is, the "progressive" Catholics of Gronchi and La Pira (Mayor of Florence) are invited to join hands with the Communists in the march forward to a Left-supported (though non-Communist) government. Longo maintains that the much-discussed "opening to the Left" in Italy is to be obtained only by joint action of Communist and progressive non-Communist forces; and not by "corridor negotiations," on the pattern set by Nenni.

The Left calculates that the Segni Government will not last after autumn in the present form. Segni, when he starts his reforms, may be obliged to re-form his government more to the Left; and in this case he might have Communist support. Another possibility for the future is a Government with a radical programme, although headed by a member of the Right-wing Christian Democrat "Concentration" (*e.g.*, Gonella, former Minister of Education). This would be supported by Communists, Socialists and the Gronchi group. Such a Government would be the end of Fanfani's dream of a Salazar type of Christian Democrat dictatorship.

Dublin

End of a Drought

A Correspondent in Eire writes: After four thirsty weeks and many unsuccessful lay attempts to settle the strike of the "curates," Dublin's pubs are again open after swiftly decisive intervention by the Catholic Archbishop. Neither side has won; the barmen get just more than half the increase they struck for, and the publicans' next move is to try to convince the Minister for Industry and Commerce that they have a good case for a higher profit margin. At one stage it was proposed that there should be no sale of pints on Sunday; pulling a pint of stout or porter was, so the sabbatarians said, "unnecessary servile work" and a violation of the Third Commandment. Here the customers made themselves heard and the no-pint idea was quickly dropped.

Trade unions showed solidarity over this strike. There was very little passing of pickets except by visitors to the city—foreigners and fresh-faced countrymen up for a big hurling or football match in Croke Park. It is true that the bibulous Dubliner who scrupulously respected the picket-line was not totally high and dry. A few publicans surrendered to the barmen's union early during the stoppage, and their business boomed. For the publicans as a whole, the upshot is serious. The increase in wages, coupled with overtime and Sunday adjustments, is, they say, the last straw. After the 1952 Budget, with its steep jump in liquor taxes, consumption fell considerably. The Minister, Mr. William Norton, is now asked by the publicans to sanction an increase of fourpence in the retail price of a pint of stout.

Pakistan

Devaluation at Last

A Correspondent writes: Pakistan's decision to devalue the rupee from 2s 2d to 1s 6d was long overdue: the country had wasted much of its substance propping up an over-valued rupee. Since the middle of 1951, dwindling foreign exchange reserves have had to be rationed, imports severely curtailed, and aid sought from the U.S. and, to a lesser extent, from Britain. More recently, matters have been brought to a head by the known difficulties which sterling tea companies are encountering in remitting profits earned, in some cases, two or three years ago. The Pakistan exchange authorities have never formally denied the companies the right to remit; they have merely made it increasingly difficult to do so by insisting upon the most literal interpretation of their complex regulations, thus slowing up the whole process until remittance has virtually ceased.

Devaluation gives the Karachi administration a breathing space to clear up the mess into which its external finances have fallen. It is, indeed, a necessary first step to putting Pakistan's transactions with the sterling area on a more realistic basis, particularly with the U.K. and India, who are her two main trading partners. Much business between East and West Bengal has been done at a heavy discount on the official Pakistani rupee rate (100 Pakistan rupees to 144 Indian rupees), thus encouraging the clandestine movement of capital to India. Indeed, it is obvious that over a substantial area of her trade Pakistan has not for some time been getting the full value of her rupee in terms of the official parity.

But more than this is needed if the situation is really to be put right. Creditable as they are, Pakistan's ambitious development plans have recently shown signs of becoming an insupportable strain on the country's resources. New projects are being canvassed before the old ones are completed, and there are too many half-finished schemes of one kind and another. New jute mills have been put up before there is power to service them; harbour and irrigation improvement programmes are chopped and changed, and too often the engineer's right hand is totally unaware of what the secretariat's left hand is up to; great schemes are launched without adequate thought for the ultimate financial reckoning and industrialisation frequently seems to be regarded in the light of a contest with India. In fact, there is now a very real need for a period of consolidation.

The New Case Against Conscription

A REDUCTION in the term of national service or a challenge to the principle of conscription? If anyone, a year ago, had asked me which of these two was the more realistic policy for the Opposition to adopt, I would have plumped unhesitatingly for the former. Now I am not so sure. For reasons which I will explain later, we are faced with a manpower crisis in the Army and Air Force which makes any immediate reduction of the term of service an impossibility without the complete disruption of the two Services. Yet, it is difficult to see how the kind of army for which these conscripts are required can ever again be deployed in a major war. We are caught in an intolerable vice. The Government—thanks to the failure of its recruiting policy—requires the two-year period to maintain any military forces at all. Yet, the whole enormously expensive apparatus of this semi-trained conscript army has been rendered an anachronism by nuclear weapons. If there is an issue on which Socialists should do some new thinking quickly it is Defence policy.

Fortunately, the published agenda for the Labour Conference gives to Mr. Attlee, who has always shown a remarkable grasp of Defence problems, an opportunity to begin this new thinking at Margate. The sheer number of resolutions on the H-bomb and national service makes a full-scale debate on these issues a certainty. Though it will almost certainly postpone any re-thinking of domestic policy, the conference will have to answer two questions. (1) Does it endorse the view of the Parliamentary Party and the National Executive that Britain should be a nuclear Power manufacturing its own nuclear weapons? (2) What is its attitude to the rival proposals for a cut in national service and for the total abolition of conscription which are put forward by a roughly equal number of local parties? It is vital that the conference should realise that these two issues are part of a single problem—linked with Civil Defence—and require a comprehensive and coherent answer.

It is convenient to begin by considering the immediate crisis caused by the manpower shortage. The strictures levelled last Spring by the Opposition against the Government's recruiting policy have been more than justified. Though morale is low, the Navy can still get its men by voluntary recruitment. But in the Army and Air Force, the bone structure of long service—regular officers and N.C.O.s—is being corroded, and what is left is a fleshy mass of semi-trained conscripts, to be commanded and trained by an ageing and dwindling number of professionals. The reason for this is that the combined attraction of much higher rates of pay and a much shorter term of service have failed to compete successfully with the attractions of civilian life in the Butler boom. The Government tried to stimulate regular recruiting by offering every young man the choice of either serving two years at low pay as a conscript, or three years at much better pay as a Regular. It was hoped that those who chose the three-year term would make the service their profession, and renew their engagement first for six, then for nine, and then for twelve years. When this plan was introduced it achieved the expected sharp increase in regular recruiting. Between November, 1951, and November, 1952, a satisfactory number of young men preferred the Regular engagement to conscription, and plans were laid on the assumption that at the end of their first term—*i.e.*, between November, 1954, and November, 1955—30 per cent. of them would sign on for another three years. The actual figure for the first five months, however, was 5 per cent.; 95 per cent. of these young Regulars decided they had had enough. Since there is no reason to believe these figures will improve, the Army (and to a somewhat lesser extent the Air Force) faces the prospect that each year there will be fewer replacements of the ageing cadres of officers, N.C.O.s and technicians. Instead, it must increasingly make do with conscript N.C.O.s and officers. And that is why it cannot consent to a cut in the two-year term. For it is only in the last six months of their service that these young men are sufficiently trained to replace Regulars.

On top of this manpower crisis has come the revolution caused by nuclear weapons. This has not yet affected the use of national servicemen (however undesirable it may be for other reasons) for garrison duty (*e.g.*, in Hong Kong) or for colonial war in Kenya or Malaya. But it has made complete nonsense of the Reserve Army. When it was first introduced by the Labour Government, national service was defended as the only practicable way of providing the pool of semi-trained manpower for our twelve Territorial divisions. The role of these divisions (and the purpose of the part-time training which a conscript does after his two-year term) was to provide semi-trained reinforcements for our front line divisions in Europe and the Middle East in the event of a major war. In Germany, for instance, our British standing army contributes four and a half divisions—three of them armoured—to the Nato standing army. In the event of war, General Gruenther's forces must hold the line against the superior Russian forces until the reserve divisions can be mobilised—and, in the case of the British Territorial Army, shipped to Antwerp and then moved to the front line. In the nuclear age, as the Labour Party's pamphlet on Civil Defence recently pointed out, this whole concept has become absurd. Now that the Nato forces are being equipped with atomic tactical aircraft and artillery, in order to offset Russian manpower superiority, any European war must *automatically* become a nuclear war. In such a war, the Territorials could not be moved outside this country or used as an expeditionary force. Their only task would be to perform rescue duties in a vaporised Britain. Under challenge, no Government spokesman has dared to suggest that the standing army, which we are committed by the Paris Treaty to keep in Germany for eighty years, could or should be reinforced. But in that case, what is the function of the Territorial Army and the justification for national service?

I believe that military opinion, not only here but also in Germany and the U.S., is moving to the view that universal military service, which came in with the French Revolution, will go out with the Nuclear Revolution, and be succeeded by small, long-term, highly trained armies in charge of very expensive and highly complicated weapons. If this military opinion is correct, the only kind of universal service relevant to the nuclear age is Civil Defence: we should abolish the whole-time call-up—together with the system of reserved occupations—and train the whole adult population for ambulance and rescue work, leaving it to a very small group of highly paid experts to man the ultimate deterrents until we can persuade the other Great Powers to renounce war and accept world disarmament.

The argument against this concept of Defence has been expounded very ably by Mr. Denis Healey. He believes that if we follow the American example and slash our conventional army, we should expose ourselves to Communist blackmail. In the event of a minor act of Com-

For one experimental day this year's Labour Party Conference will be televised. PRE-VIEW BY VICKY.

munist aggression, we should be compelled either to give way or to retaliate by launching a world nuclear war. There are two weaknesses in Mr. Healey's case. The first is a purely practical one. If he is right, we are faced with the impossible economic task of maintaining a Defence budget both for conventional and for unconventional war. It is sometimes forgotten that of our total Defence bill, roughly one-third goes on weapons, and two-thirds (£1,000,000,000) on manpower. Unless we can reduce manpower, therefore, our Defence budget must steadily increase as the cost of new and ever more elaborate weapons increases. If even the American Congress has felt obliged to slash army manpower, can we afford to maintain ours at its present level?

The second answer to Mr. Healey is that his argument applies with equal force to our present Nato strategy. Once our huge conscript armies have been equipped with tactical nuclear weapons (as has happened first in Nato, and now, this month, in Seato, when the Americans moved atomic artillery to Okinawa) the difference which Mr. Healey would make between conventional and unconventional warfare disappears. I find it difficult to dispute Field-Marshal Montgomery's judgment that any major war must, in future, be a nuclear war.

My conclusion therefore is that it would be both irresponsible and short-sighted for the Labour Party to content itself, when it meets at Margate, with a demand for a cut in the period of national service. It would be irresponsible because the Government's recruiting policy has made a cut militarily impossible. So long as we maintain a large conventional army, and feel bound to honour our obligations under the Paris Treaty, it will be impossible for *any* Government to reduce the term of national service unless it finds a way of replacing the conscripts with long-service Regulars. No one yet has shown how this can be done. If increased pay and a decreased term will not attract the men, what will? In the second place, it would be short-sighted to content ourselves with a cut in the term of service because the real issue which Socialists have to decide today is not how long national service should last, but whether conscription makes any military sense at all. Those who believe that Britain should renounce nuclear weapons can hardly suggest that we should maintain a huge conscript army equipped with obsolete pre-nuclear weapons. Those, on the other hand, who accept nuclear strategy will be hard put to it either to show realistically how our Territorial divisions would be deployed in war, or to justify morally the retention of conscription solely for the purpose of holding down colonial peoples. Surely it would be far wiser for Socialists to recognise that universal military service, to which they anyway had strong moral objections, has now been militarily outdated. Then we could get down to the job of re-thinking Defence policy in terms of a professional army and foreign policy in terms of really making war impossible.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE ATOMIC CHALLENGE

Radiological Hazards

THE release of atomic energy, either in weapons or in reactors, is intrinsically linked with the large-scale production of radioactive substances. Nuclear reactors, for example, are at present based on the fission process, that is, the release of energy occurring when a nucleus of a heavy atom breaks into two. Both fragments of fission are nuclei of unstable atoms; they subsequently disintegrate spontaneously, emitting in the process radiations of various types. It is the ease of detection of these radiations that forms the basis of the numerous uses of radioactive isotopes in science, industry and medicine, but the same radiations cause damage to living organisms through which they pass. Such damage is sometimes produced deliberately, as for example in the treatment of cancer, but otherwise it is most undesirable and represents the radiological hazard associated with nuclear energy.

In the case of nuclear weapons the problem of radioactivity has recently become one of major importance, mainly because of the realisation of the nature of the so-called "hydrogen bomb." In the old-fashioned atom bomb, based on fission, the effect of radioactivity was considered to be small, compared to the blast and heat effects. After the advent of the hydrogen bomb it was still believed that the radiation hazard would be relatively unimportant, since the thermonuclear reactions on which this bomb is based do not always lead directly to the production of radioactive substances. This belief was, however, soon shattered when the news came of the radiation injuries received by the Japanese fishermen. An analysis of the data about the distribution and identity of the radioactive substances produced in the Bikini bomb, has led to the conclusion that the hydrogen bomb must be a 3-stage explosive. It contains a central fission core, acting as a detonator; a hydrogeneous substance in which a thermonuclear, or fusion reaction, is set up by the heat of the fission core; and finally a shell of uranium in which the particles emitted in the thermonuclear reaction give rise to new fission. In such a fission-fusion-fission bomb most of the explosive power comes from the fission of the uranium shell and it is this fact that makes the radioactivity problem so acute. For, while the blast and heat effects do not increase in the same ratio as the explosive power, the total radioactivity produced increases *proportionately* to the explosive power. If the explosive power of the bomb were increased 1,000 times, the area of damage by the blast wave would increase about 100 times, and the area of the heat effect probably even less (owing to the absorption of the heat waves in air), but the total amount of radioactive substances would go up about 1,000 times.

This conclusion is probably also responsible for the eclipse of the so-called "cobalt bomb." This was thought to be a hydrogen bomb surrounded by a cobalt shell, for the purpose of rendering the latter radioactive. It seems now that a similar purpose can be achieved with uranium, with the extra advantage—from the bomb maker's point of view—that it adds not only to the radioactivity but also to the explosive power of the bomb.

The fact that the radioactivity in a bomb is mainly derived from fission makes the evaluation of the physical problems involved fairly easy, because we know well the identity of the radioactive isotopes produced, their relative intensities and life histories. But this is about all which we do know definitely. All the remaining problems, such as how far the radioactivity will reach, how long it will remain in a given locality, what damage it will cause, are still largely unknown and can only be guessed very roughly.

The distribution of radioactivity resulting from one nuclear bomb depends on the conditions under which the explosion takes place. If the bomb is exploded near ground level, as the Bikini test bombs of 1954 were, then the fire-ball touches the ground, sucking up huge quantities of pulverised matter in the updraught of the hot gases which form the familiar mushroom. Most of the radioactive fission fragments attach themselves to the particles in the updraught and are carried with it by the wind. Since most of these particles are relatively heavy they cannot travel very far and come down to the ground fairly soon in the vicinity of the explosion, mainly in the direction of the wind. This deposition of radioactivity is called "fall-out." The area covered by the fall-out depends on the meteorological conditions at the time of the explosion. In the Bikini test of March 1, 1954, the fall-out area covered about 7,000 square miles, but in a recent speech Dr. W. F. Libby, a member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, mentioned a hypothetical fall-out covering an area of 100,000 square miles.

Most of the radiation damage in the fall-out area would result from the dose delivered directly to living organisms by the penetrating gamma rays. This dose is measured in units of roentgens (r), and the total radioactivity in the fall-out may be measured in units of "roentgen-square miles," the product of the dose and the area. For a 20 megaton bomb, *i.e.*, of an explosive power 1,000 times greater than the nominal Hiroshima bomb, the integrated fall-out may amount to about 50 million roentgen-square miles. This means that if the area of the fall-out was 10,000 square miles, the average dose would be 5,000 r; if it were spread over 100,000 square miles the dose would be 500 r. These are maximal figures, and are calculated on the basis that the deposit remains on the ground for an infinitely long time, and that the persons exposed are all the time in the open. In point of fact, some of the activity is bound to be washed away by rain sooner or later, and in this country people spend most of their time indoors, where the walls of houses provide a good measure of protection. However, even allowing for these mitigating circumstances, there is a risk of radiation damage being caused to large masses of population in the fall-out area.

The direct effect of radiations is to cause the destruction of cells; and if a large number of such cells have been destroyed, by exposing the whole body to a big dose of radiation, death follows within a fairly short time. A whole-body dose of 500 r is considered to be lethal in the sense that about 90 per cent. of people receiving such a dose would die. If the exposure is spread out over a long period of time the lethal dose is considerably higher. But direct death from radiation injury is not the only effect produced. There is a great deal of evidence that much smaller doses give rise to serious effects, some of which may not become apparent until after many years. The most general result of a sub-lethal dose of radiation appears to be a shortening of the span of life, but among the more specific effects produced are sterility, cataract and cancer, particularly leukæmia. There is not enough precise information about the dose a body can tolerate without any serious effects. The maximum permissible dose, established by the International Commission on Radiological Protection, for people occupationally exposed to radiations, is 15 r per annum. This does not mean to say that any one person receiving a larger dose than this would necessarily incur ill-effects, but it would certainly be unsafe to allow large groups of people to be exposed over long periods to doses bigger than this.

Apart, however, from the damage caused by external irradiation, there is the risk of internal irradiation from radioactive particles inhaled or ingested. Some of the fission fragments, particularly radio-strontium, are notorious in this respect, as they become concentrated in some parts of the body and remain there for a very long time, causing intense local irradiation. There are a number of ways in which these radioactive isotopes may get into the body apart from direct inhalation. They may be deposited directly on edible plants, or the activity washed down by the rain may be deposited in the soil and then incorporated in the plant tissues. From there it may reach humans either directly or via the meat or milk of grazing animals. The activity washed down to the sea may be taken up by fish. We still do not know enough to be able to assess the risks arising from these ways of irradiation.

In addition to these radiation effects, which cause damage to the exposed individual, there is also the genetic hazard, which is entirely different, since once produced the damage may be carried through from generation to generation. Since its main effects may not appear for many generations we must take into account, not the dose received by an individual, or even a group of individuals, but the cumulative dose received by the whole population. Radiations produce mutations of genes, but such mutations occur spontaneously, and if the radiation-induced mutations were only a small fraction of the spontaneous mutations the problem would not be serious. The trouble is that in the case of human beings we do not know the spontaneous mutation rate nor the effect produced by a given dose of radiation. It is generally believed that doubling the spontaneous rate of mutation would be serious, but the estimate of the dose of radiation needed to bring this about in humans varies from 3 r to 150 r per generation, which corresponds to an average rate of from 0.1 to 5 r per annum. The lower limit of this estimate is just about equal to the rate of radiation which we receive from natural sources, such as cosmic radiation and the radioactivity contained in the earth's crust and in the atmosphere; but even the most optimistic value is three times lower than the maximum permissible dose. It follows, therefore, that a genetic hazard may exist even if the radioactivity were spread over such large areas that the dose would be too small to produce damage to individuals.

Global contamination with radioactivity might result if a number of hydrogen bombs were exploded high above the ground. In this case most of the radioactive fragments would attach themselves to the very fine particles of dust in the air and be carried to the upper regions of the atmosphere, reaching over 100,000 feet. There they would circulate the globe many times before drifting back to the ground. Too little is known about the currents of air at such heights, but the monitoring stations set up by various Government institutions for measuring the radioactivity in the atmosphere have probably accumulated much data on this subject. From the odd pieces of information which have been released one may gather that it takes a long time, about a year, before the radioactive dust drifts down, and by that time the radioactivity is greatly diminished. It seems certain that the total increase of radioactivity from all bombs exploded so far has been too small to cause any worry on a global scale. For more definite information about the effects of hydrogen bomb tests we have to wait for the White Paper which is being prepared by the M.R.C. Committee set up by the Government a few months ago.

There remains the question of the radiological hazards involved in the peaceful uses of atomic energy. These may be of several types, i.e., accidents in nuclear reactors, radiation exposure of reactor personnel, handling of large quantities of radioactive isotopes by outside workers, and the disposal of radioactive waste.

The radioactive substances produced in nuclear reactors are practically the same as in weapons. If all of Great Britain's present coal consumption were replaced by atomic energy the fission rate in reactors would be the same as from about 100 20-megaton bombs exploded every year. Taking into account the likely development of atomic energy in the whole world, we may reach a stage when radioactivity equivalent to that from 10,000 bombs will be produced every year. This may seem a staggering figure, but unlike the radioactivity from weapons, it can be kept under control.

The technique of designing nuclear reactors and the problem of shielding from their radiations are so well understood and mastered that the likelihood of an accident is very remote. A number of control devices are incorporated in each reactor which shut it down as soon as the activity has risen above the safety level. Some reactors are so designed that they stop themselves automatically if they get too hot and so they can never blow up. Even in the worst case, if an explosion did occur, it would not be anything like an atom bomb going off; in most cases it could not be worse than an ordinary explosive. From the point of view of the probability of an accident a nuclear reactor is much safer than many another industrial appliance.

The radiation hazard to personnel operating the reactors is also smaller than many other occupational hazards. The thick concrete walls around the reactors, the constant monitoring of radiation levels and the high standard of safety set up by the authorities ensure the maximum degree of protection. The same applies to outside users of radioactive isotopes, as long as the present regulations governing the issue of radioactive materials remain in force.

Finally, there is the problem of disposal of the radioactive substances which accumulate in reactors and have to be removed from time to time. This problem received a great deal of publicity after last year's unsuccessful attempt by the Harwell authorities to dump the wastes in disused mines in the Forest of Dean. Actually, the disposal would present no great difficulty if we were prepared to spend some money on chemical separation plants to concentrate the waste products. The actual volume of the fission fragments is quite small; if all Great Britain's present power requirements were met by atomic power, the annual volume of the waste products would be about 2 cubic yards, which is sufficiently small to make the problem of storage relatively simple.

The only danger against which we have to be on guard is that when the production of nuclear energy is taken over by private enterprise and a keen competition for overseas markets develops, economic considerations may produce a tendency to relax the stringent precautionary measures and a reluctance to build the costly chemical separation plants. To prevent this occurring it may be necessary to draw up international agreements on the safety measures in the design of reactors and protection of personnel, which would be binding on all concerned. As long as we are prepared to pay for our safety, the radiological hazards from the peaceful uses of atomic energy need not present any serious problem.

JOSEPH ROTBLAT

NEXT WEEK

The Atomic Challenge

K. E. B. JAY, of A.E.R.E., Harwell, writes on

THE INDUSTRIAL PROMISE

Malcolm Muggeridge

Profile, with caricature by VICKY

London Diary

THE retirement of Bishop Blunt reminds me that I owe him a grudge, though, I admit, the fault was none of his. After nearly twenty years, I see no reason for keeping silent about the incident. Like other newspaper men, I knew that the American papers were full of stories about the King and Mrs. Simpson, and every day wondered whether the story would break, or whether I ought to be the person to break it. I had decided not to, on the ground that the King was entitled to have a private life like any other citizen. Then a message reached me; the King, I was authoritatively told, had irrevocably decided to marry Mrs. Simpson, and would be quite pleased if some serious discussion of the constitutional issue involved could be begun in a responsible paper like the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. If the story broke in this way, it would forestall scandalous headlines, and open up the proper issues involved in his decision. This removed doubts about publicity, since the choice of a Queen is undoubtedly a matter of public importance. I at once wrote an article arguing that the King had as much right to marry the woman he loved as anyone else, but that if there were really strong reasons against Mrs. Simpson as Queen, that was a problem which could be properly settled by Parliament. In short, I saw no sensible way out of the difficulty except some form of morganatic marriage. Since the information of the King's intention had come to me from the King himself, I thought it right to show him my article. It was passed on to him, and came back to me with a message that he would be glad if I went ahead and published it. I was about to send the article to the printer when I received a further message asking me to postpone publication. Not too happily, I decided to hold up the article for a week. Then came a blow with a blunt instrument, as jesters said at the time, and my article died a natural death. I still have it somewhere in a drawer, another example of love's labour lost.

* * *

The theoretical case for world government has always been unanswerable. Obviously, the only complete safeguard against war between nations, just as against civil war inside nations, is for all the armed forces to be concentrated in the hands of one government. Put this which way you like (Marx's way or Bertrand Russell's), and it remains true. But only now, when Soviet physicists from Marxist Russia have sat down with Russell and atomic scientists from the Western world, has the project begun to have the look of something that might conceivably be accomplished in our time. How much the argument for world government has been strengthened by development of nuclear weapons on both sides of the iron curtain can best be appreciated by reading *The Bomb* (Batsford, 25s.), where Professor Haddow, Bertrand Russell, Lord Beveridge, Gilbert MacAllister, and Henry Usborne (that indefatigable pioneer of world government) have set forth their views. To me the most interesting

point of the discussion in County Hall was the Soviet change of mind. For the first time Russian experts have *argued* at a world conference, and agreed to serve on Commissions whose conclusions are likely to be at variance with their Communist orthodoxy. At first they objected to Russell's resolution suggesting that an H-bomb war was likely to end the human race. They disliked any form of words which could weaken Soviet bargaining power by suggesting to Soviet or Chinese citizens that a war would not be worth fighting if the capitalist Powers attacked them. Their whole ideology is based on a belief in the beneficence of science, and the argument that the human species could be destroyed everywhere by an excess of radio-activity in the air they find deeply repulsive. But in the end they agreed to a resolution admitting that even this might happen. We seem one step nearer to Communist acceptance of the possibility that world government could be attained without a catastrophic conflict between capitalism and Communism.

* * *

Admittedly it is not often, nowadays, that British law plays cat-and-mouse for three years with a man held on a murder charge, and I was glad to read that the Irish case of *Regina versus William Leighton*, which concerned the death of a little girl in a field near Coleraine, has at last ended in a reprieve. Leighton first appeared at Londonderry Assizes in June, 1952, when the jury disagreed over a defence of insanity. Four months later at Ulster Assizes, his re-trial was adjourned after one day because his mother was injured in a car accident on the way to Court. The third appearance, at Londonderry Assizes in the Spring of 1953, ended in a verdict that he was insane and unfit to plead, and he was ordered to be "detained during Her Majesty's pleasure." That, surely, ought to have ended the matter; any subsequent return to sanity ought to have led to a *nolle prosequi*. But no: two years later he was brought up for a fourth time, at Londonderry—and again remanded for trial at the Summer Assizes. On July 21 this year this wretched victim of judicial bungling and inhumanity, who had once been adjudged insane and not fit for trial, pleaded "guilty" at his fifth trial and was sentenced to death! It is a monstrous story. I never heard of a case that more grimly exposed the fatuity of the death penalty and its effect on juries, medical witnesses, law officers, judges, and psychopathic prisoners.

* * *

The U.S. Department of Justice has rested its case so often on recruits to the informer racket that it is now trying to save the situation by intimidating those courageous enough to expose it. Mr. Brownell, the Attorney-General, has been claiming that there is a "Communist plot" to smear "government witnesses," and the grand jury investigating the Matusow scandal has spent five months hauling up anyone who had anything to do with him after he turned his coat. The particular target of this campaign has been the liberal *Nation*, which published the first full exposure of the informer system in March last year. Now the grand jury has issued four indictments for "obstructing" the inquiry, three of them against men associated with the *Nation*—Mr. Siegel, its legal counsel, his associate, Mr. Shapiro, and Mr. Solow, who is in charge of the circulation department. Note that the Department's handouts to the press have emphasised the connection of the defendants with the *Nation*, though the allegations on which the indictment rests do not in any way concern this connection. The intention is to suggest that the magazine had something to do with Matusow's turnabout.

* * *

The behaviour of the Iraqi Government towards grant-assisted Iraqi students in Britain—a matter on which "Flavus" has already commented in this Diary—becomes more and more outrageous. The latest news is that Mr. Al-Kadhi, the president of the Iraqi Students' Society, a letter from whom was published in this journal on July 23, had his grant cancelled early in August (his passport does not expire until the Spring of next year). In the last week of July, the Iraqi Embassy in London withdrew the passport of Mr. Nuri, the secretary of the Society, and a week later informed him also that his grant was cancelled. The Embassy argument that the sole reason for the withdrawal of grants is disappointing academic progress would be more convincing if Mr. Nuri had not passed all his exams. except his Finals, Part II, and if another of the victims had not been Mr. Hassan, who was secretary of the Society last year. His grant was withdrawn in December, 1954, and his passport in July, 1955. At Liverpool University, Mr. Hassan obtained first-class honours in economics, and won the Gladstone Scholarship. This year, at L.S.E., he obtained his M.Sc.(Econ). This is scarcely "disappointing progress." I greatly hope that the Home Office will permit these students to stay in England until they have completed their studies.

* * *

Did you know that there is a Bahai community in Britain? It is a religious sect, a sort of Islamic unitarian movement which grew up in the last century. In Iran, where it is actually the largest religious minority, it has been vigorously persecuted. Its members are now appealing to the United Nations to protect them from the latest outbreak of bigotry. They are not recognised by the mullahs as a tolerated minority, and since May, when they were banned by the Iranian Government on an unsubstantial pretext of Communist infiltration, their holy places and property have been wrecked, and many of them have been killed, maltreated and imprisoned. The mullahs, moreover, have been using the radio and press to work up mob excitement against them as a heretical sect—they are, in fact, loyal, non-political and notably incorrupt by Persian standards—and have had official encouragement for their campaign. Now, on August 18, the mourning month of Maharram begins, and the Bahais fear a new outbreak of violence, possibly a massacre on the pattern of St. Bartholomew's Eve.

* * *

I only once met Elinor Glyn. It was at a party given by Mrs. Israel Sieff not long before the war. She was sitting up very straight in the half-light when I was presented to her. Louis Golding was being introduced to her at the same time. I recall her mountain of auburn hair, surmounted (or so my memory has it) by a tiara. She was already an old woman, though I didn't then realise it. She was extraordinarily well preserved. She looked like an exotic queen, an hieratic figure, a majestic sibyl, and she behaved as if an intoxicating incense were burning before her. She at once went into a trance, and declared that a previous incarnation of Louis had been revealed to her. She saw him, a naked Jewish slave, being whipped through the streets of Rome by Cæsar's soldiers. I recall vaguely hoping that some events of my own remote past would now be discovered, but, as far as I can remember, she took no notice of me of any kind.

CRITIC

Mum's the Word

American liberals feel upset
By the case of a Merchant Marine cadet
Who can never get into the Navy.

He gained in College the highest place,
But soon was landed in deep disgrace,
When Security watchdogs caught him.
The reason was clear for all to see—
Subversion learned at his mother's knee,
And the songs his mother taught him.
No matter what credits the youth may get
He'll never get into the Navy.

For future cadets it's most unwise
To be lulled by Communist lullabies,
Politically angled.
The red flag waved over prams and cots
Sets a babe apart from patriot tots
Whose banner must be star-spangled.
The State will neither forgive nor forget,
And he'll never get into the Navy.

It's no defence of subversive crime
If the suspect pleads at the relevant time,
Comparative immaturity;
If the parent with whom he associates
Aims to erase the United States,
The lad won't be passed by Security.
He constitutes a security threat,
And he'll never get into the Navy.

The moral's plain for the younger set,
With Communism they mustn't coquet;
For the babe who grows to a smart cadet
Will never with loyal gobs be met,
Or win an officer's epaulette.
The Constitution's not safe as yet,
And a Marxist momma's a standing threat.
His Communist infancy he'll regret,
For he'll never get into the Navy.

SAGITTARIUS

The Journal of Education

The August issue, now on sale, is entirely devoted to

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Huddersfield Corporation is offering a reward of £20 for information leading to the arrest of the persons who pulled plants out of the flower beds in Greenhead Park on Friday night and scattered them on the paths. The bed which was most seriously damaged contained 33,350 plants arranged to depict a wastepaper basket and the words, "Please use the litter baskets."—*Manchester Guardian.* (Norman Nicholson.)

A bishop's chasuble, cut a little longer and lined with towelling, would become a perfect after-bathe wrap.—*Good Housekeeping.* (F. V. Jarvis.)

The dawning of the age of space travel is bound to have very important results for investors.—*Investor's Chronicle.* (Ann Hirsch.)

Because a guest speaker and the Tory prospective candidate were unable to attend, Blaydon-on-Tyne Conservative garden fete will be opened on Saturday by North-East Swimsuit Queen, Miss Gladys Hale, instead, and there will be no political speeches. Said an official: "We expect a larger crowd."—*News Chronicle.* (Nancy Morse.)

Looking at Life

ON ICE

THE principle in show business is that nothing succeeds like excess. I went to my first ice show this week. The blatant fact is that you can put anything on anything and everything on ice. The show is in the tradition that aims at piling Pelion on Ossa, even though it may achieve no more than putting Southend on sea. When I ask myself if there is any show that could *not* be put on ice, I can think only of Lady Godiva; and even there one might get the ultimate *frisson*.

Mass society is primitive. It requires the arena. In our mass disguise we are impatient in front of a small stage; we want a stage we can sprawl around as in the circus, the bullfight, the football match. Looking down at the long, wide, silvery, cold floor we are really seeing the television screen immensely magnified and laid out flat. We also like the arts mixed up. We don't like art. We are mere spectators of sport. But give us art-sport and we love it. The skates have lost that natural mutter which one had heard on the outdoor lakes and rivers where the ice peals and speaks as one travels along; now they have a soft, artificial hiss and spit as they glide over the electrically frozen, dead-flat art-sport floor. The refrigerator door is open. The mass pleasures of our civilisation come from its fakes; from the fact, for example, that our architecture is really engineering, that fields of clover smell of nitrates, that our ice is created by heat. Going from the car park, into the air-conditioned and rubberoid hall of the ice palace, getting our tickets from a row of men who smile the wide, synthetic welcome of advertisements, air hostesses and the girls of the tote machines at the greyhound tracks—one finds oneself humming the theme song of 1955: "Where did you come, come, mass-child, dear? Out of the Betjeman into here." The girl, surely from some Foodateria, "mentions" that you may be surprised how much you like the show.

The crowd does. Their entertainment is a continuation of factory life by other means. Up in the dark upper air of the hall are the miniature rails on which the spotlights run, there is a comforting sensation that heaven is a studio and will be mechanised, and that the harping of the angels is specially recorded for transmission. One has the knowing pleasure of being on a film set and of seeing how glamour is squirted on. The divine choir is sky-high on one side of the hall among its amplifiers and is picked out in fluorescence above our heads, now bathed in crimson or in blue. And the voice of Big Transatlantic Cousin, like half of the end wall speaking, says, "Welcome Mr. and Mrs. Phelps and party from Walthamstow." Other coach-loads get the same big, echoing hand. What with the acreage of ice, the height and the width of the place, the disintegration of the spoken word is perfect, and the music spreads over one like soft toffee caramels. Easily one feels one's whole personality melting into nothing; one has become tribal and anonymous. There were tables set beside the front seats and I asked if I could have a drink. The girl said: "The table *is* deceiving. I mean to say, you'd think you could. You can't." But there were blankets for those in the front rows; a sharp, Chicago bite comes off the ice.

We were to see the story of Pocahontas and, as I say, why not? Show business has got stuck in colonising and pioneering. Still, we had had to sit through *Oklahoma* without ice, years ago, and skates speed up the loamy preoccupations of the allotment holders in the Promised Land. The chorus comes snaking and hissing out at splendid speed, lovely pink legs glide and swing by the score towards you, stop short with a cough of ice and then recede and turn, so that they are flowing fifty yards away in a smiling flash before they disappear down some hole like serpents in the end. The pleasure is going to be whizzing and athletic, an affair of white boots, ankles, delicate back muscles and serene skill that will look like second nature. Ortega y Gasset was the first to point out, twenty or thirty years ago, that mass society would create a cult of the body; and here we see it in its superb movement, removed from the tortures of muscle-bound political gymnasiums.

Skating is a beautiful, purposeless pleasure, a performance and an art. What, in their mass man's disguise, Mr. Phelps's party, myself and every other coach-load enjoyed, was the sporting way in which we were taken in at one art and out on another. For if the sunburned pioneers gestured with pick and shovel as they went through the figures of the ballet, they also chorussed, microphones aiding, in the boiled-beefy baritone of musical comedy. They broke off into ice-rink stuff, they whirled the girls round in a revue turn. A divine 17-year-old went backwards in silence and disappeared with one leg high above her head and her nose almost on the ice, into the tropical vegetation, at forty miles an hour—or whatever the speed is. There was an arch pantomime horse which skated with aplomb and sat down on the ice in comfort. Surrealism came in here, for a human arm shot out of the horse's belly and handed the comedian his lost hat. In the middle of it all—and this is where I retire from mass-manhood—the singing star, an idol of TV, swooped to the middle and the amplifiers and echoes took up the husky mating song that exuded, like chocolate essence, from his broken heart. That confection brought the house down. I have been told that sound boxes are sometimes fitted to singers, for skating has its breathing difficulties. I do not know whether they were used in this performance, but the dialogue and some of the singing frequently suggested the fit of atmospherics that afflicts loudspeakers and deaf aids. Mass art is making a general attack on the human voice, enlarging and enlarging it until it becomes a great animal blur, a primitive lowing.

Of course, language did not matter. The hall is too large for the smut of pantomime. We did not mind that unmanly men thrust out their chests, swung their legs and made the uncertain sounds of a distant zoo. We had now learned that these unsuccessful trunk calls of one male to another across the floor were sad in an un-sad way; and when Captain John Smith was stabbed and lay half dead on the ice, one had the displeasing sense of a corpse on ice as he was dragged off with an unhappy damp swishing sound, by the legs. One just cannot be stabbed, shot, nor can one struggle on skates—one can only fall over on the comical part of the body. If drama freezes stiff, the main company of pattern makers sweep it away. The skating of the tobacco plants with their leaf arms and their heads capped by the flowers made a very pretty sight, for all the costumes of the show were excellent; and those of us who, having tired of the pioneers, dreaded even more the Indians, were shamed by the frightening and vivid costumes of the death dance when they came. Bird-headed, soulless, evil, garbed in purple and green, raising their symbolical banners, and made more sinister by the appearance of one or two evil spirits in black or in fiery rags, they waltzed as cold as the grave about the figure of the Captain tied to the stake. Pocahontas herself went in and out like an eel and though her father nearly ruined it all by getting up in Big Chief Feathers and addressing her as "Daughter" in the voice of a sound van, her brilliant ankles and inventive waist saved the situation. This spectacular scene gave the ice show its highest and gaudiest moment. For now we knew why there were all those miniature railway lines and dead "spots" in the heavens; the "works" were switched on and, reflected in the ice, was a carpet of glamorous design. Technicolor is one thing, but Technicolor on ice, or rather in ice, is a Neapolitan dream. The spectacle had become edible.

The question was, could they go further? After half time (if that is the word for art-sport) it was clear they could not. It looked to me as though the "book" had run short of ideas, and had therefore plumped—as Goethe told Eckermann one should not—for the bigger and better subject. A rhetorical cultural history of the United States appeared to be the aim, with picturesque glances at the judgment of the Supreme Court about equal educational facilities for White and coloured, a touch of lynching and high Southern society. The little chocolate girls with their dolls' heads and red skipping ropes were very appealing. A Charlie Chaplin mimic, whose scamper across the floor was technically brilliant, made us laugh and so did the comedian who having lathered and shaved the pioneers earlier on in the evening in an absurd act of mass-barbering to the tune of Figaro, now gave a solo mime of an elderly dancer conducting a lady through the lancers. He was on ice and—boldest of all—did not perform on skates but in what appeared to be overshoes. This cultural episode ended with the company topically and cynically turning themselves into dollar bills, and (inevitably) with a hugely popular fellow in a top hat singing non-stop about how happy he was on Broadway. Show business always returns to the scene of the crime. Taking himself off ice, he warmed up the audience—coach and non-coach families—by wandering about and giving light kisses to the older ladies. I could not make out whether this second half was a satire on American history and the ubiquity of the dollar. Like Mr. Phelps and party I longed to be carried back to ole Virginny.

The oddest thing about the spectacle was that

the greatest applause, even exceeding that given to this popular singer, was given to a pair I have not mentioned: two acrobats who did not touch the ice once. They dislocated each other's necks, arms and legs, and made those homosexual insinuations which always go down so well in music hall. The cunning producers had realised, as they pillaged ballet, pantomime, musical comedy and the Westerns that there are moments when we become confused by the whizzing crowd scenes. The acrobat's mat took us away from the eye-glutting acres of the arena and back to the intimacy of the stage. For in the arena there is no focal point for the eye, indeed being enlarged, the whole show goes out of focus. I wish I had seen *Cinderella* earlier this year. I shall certainly go again if the craze lasts. And that is a point: if anything can be put on ice, anything can be taken off.

V. S. PRITCHETT

D. H. Lawrence As I Knew Him

EVER since I met Harry T. Moore, some time after my husband's death, he has been eager to write about Lawrence. All through these years with endless patience he has gone into the highways and byways to trace Lawrence's footprints, step by step. In previous books he connected Lawrence's work with its time and place, a labour of love and admiration indeed. But Mr. Moore's latest book* reads almost like fiction, and a great deal is fiction to me.

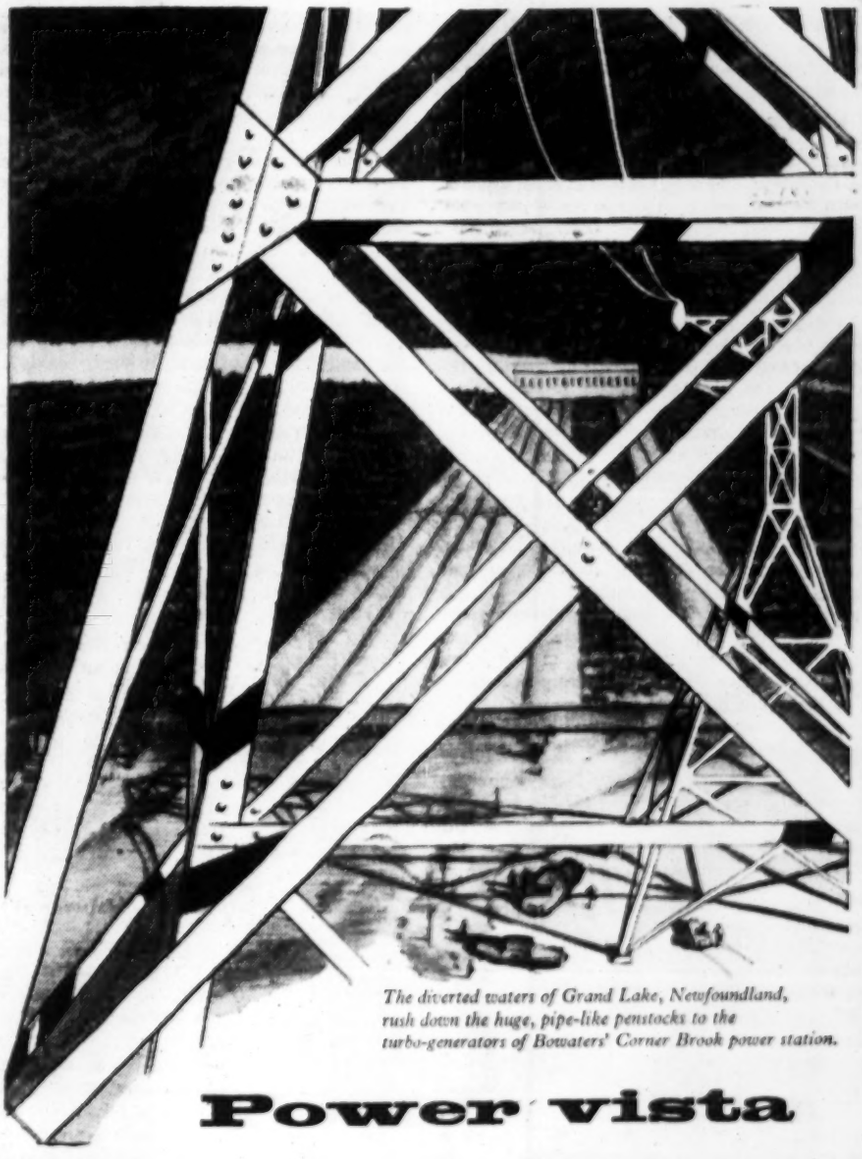
Lawrence and I lived often for weeks and months in peace in the midst of a terrific turmoil and gossip that we were not aware of. So much spite against two unpretentious people who lived as simply as we did. But somehow it did not matter much; we went on our way in our world. A man's new ideas are not so easy to grasp right away and it makes people hostile. There were a few like Aldous and Maria Huxley who patiently listened.

We are too near still to Lawrence to get a bird's eye-view of him and his ultimate significance. The era that he was born into put a great stress on self-conscious emotions. They loomed so large, out of proportion in the scheme of things, and all the social fixtures seemed firmly fixed for eternity. Lawrence helped to change that.

Now many writers tell not about human, all too human stuff, they are sick of it, but write about animals and plants and places and the sea and the sky and winds and it is a relief. Lawrence looked at the elemental part in human beings to write about. So critics, at the time he wrote, said it was nonsense, that he had no form. He was a Fascist, he was a Communist, he was pro-German, he was sex-obsessed, and all he was, was simply pro-human. Sex is such a weary word. It could mean divine urge or a nasty story, but the nasty story always gets a larger audience.

When Lawrence and I first stayed at the ugly place he was born in, I had to think of his rather frail mother, working so very hard to keep the seven people she was responsible for fed and clean and not let them go under into sordidness. I remembered how a twopenny small bunch of pansies could give her such pleasure. She was a good mother. She trained all her children to be tidy and clean and gave them standards to live by. This sounds trivial but is important for all that.

* *The Intelligent Heart*, by HARRY T. MOORE. (*Farrar, Straus and Young*; $6.50.) An English edition will be published later this year by Heinemann.



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But at the same time from people on the streets and buses of this mining town a strange power emanated. When you thought of the dead elegance of Lady X and the immaculate presence of the Duke of S, how much more alive these men and women on the street were!

As for the Oedipus Complex, it is not an absolute written in words of fire over all time. It was a bitter idea against the power of nature and women. This unnatural desire may occur, but it is not the norm. Whether young bulls have it, I do not know, but doubt it. When you consider that in Russia the State is your mother and your whole family, then I prefer the unlikely possibility of an Oedipus Complex. Lawrence and Freud and others brought the problem of sex out into the open air and sunshine where it can flourish naturally and sanely. It does not have to hide in dark corners of shame and tragedy any more.

I had a great friend, a young Austrian doctor who had been a pupil of Freud's and had worked with him. Consequently he had been fundamentally influenced by Freud, and through him I was much impressed too. So Lawrence through this friend and me had an almost direct contact with these then new ideas.

He got most of his ideas in this living way, never so much from books, but mostly he used himself as his own guinea pig. That is why I don't believe the story of the mystery woman who says she "gave Lawrence sex."

Lawrence was a fastidious and sensitive man, who would not go like a lamb to the slaughter with a woman who expressed herself so unfortunately. We would have heard from him about this strange and unlikely episode, mentioned in *The Intelligent Heart*.

Lawrence believed in his destiny, and his destiny included me as his wife.

I believed in his power; what he had to say he would say at any price and the price was high. If he had married another woman his work and his life would have been different. Lawrence's genius, and nobody denies his genius, has so many angles. If there is a Lord who created our universe, He did not do it only by laws and rules. Such prodigal imagination and fantasy went into this overwhelming achievement that is our globe. To Lawrence his surroundings were a mystery, a miracle through all his life.

He had, in his own way, the same uncanny understanding of living creatures as St. Francis of Assisi. When St. Francis says "my little sisters the birds" and preaches to the fishes, he only voices his awareness of them in their loveliness; and when he preaches to the fishes, it is his love for them. St. Francis was a voice against the spiritual conceit of doctrines and human superiority when he put animals on a level with humans. With the accent on spirituality the animal becomes the evil principle. All that is animal must be suppressed, and God help us!

When you think of a bird in flight, handling its wings with such precision and ease, wonderful as an airplane is, the birds win. But we have come a long way from St. Francis and his little sisters the birds. Now we have chickens in cages that are fed scientifically, and they mechanically just sit and lay eggs. No air, no sun, no scratching in the dirt. Whether they cackle when they lay an egg I don't know, but I doubt it.

Lawrence had some of the awareness of the creatures and vegetation around him as St. Francis had. It is there in writing. It gave him his special quality and made him so alive. It fascinated people and they loved to be with him. But very often they tried to turn this quality into a limited, personal, too personal relationship, and it could by the very nature of it not be personal and they were disappointed and Lawrence was angry and the feathers flew, whole clouds of feathers.

When I read Mr. Moore's book, it seems as if it had all been strife and misery. It was not so. Lawrence could never have done the amazing amount of work in his short lifetime had it been so. There were months of quiet, peaceful living. For instance at the Berkshire cottage, Lawrence would write in the morning, while I fussed around the cottage. After lunch we would go for long walks over the fields and get mushrooms if there were any, and in the Spring through the woods we found clearings where big primroses grew and pools of bluebells. In the Spring we also got baskets full of dandelions and made dandelion wine. Sometimes in the middle of the night the cork of a fermenting dandelion wine bottle would go off with a terrific pop. After our afternoon exploring we came home with our loot, hungry, with muddy boots, changed into slippers and put the kettle on the fire and had tea.

In the cottage next door lived a charming brown-eyed child, Hilda Brown, who would come after school, and we would sing the songs from *The Oxford Songbook*—"All Through the Night," "The Camptown Races," and "My Wife and I Live All Alone." Then after our evening meal Lawrence would write again. I would embroider or mend. It is still a mystery to me, when I think of our quiet days that flowed along so easily, how it could arouse so much speculation in people and so much spite. It seemed to have so little to do with us and our way of living.

The one time I did not believe in Lawrence's activities (he was very young then) was when he and Bertrand Russell planned to make some reform in English government. I had listened to talk on politics at my uncle Oswald Richthofen's in Berlin (he was then Minister of Foreign Affairs), and what Lawrence and Bertie discussed did not seem like politics to me.

I thought they were both off their tracks. But being brought up in the European tradition that women don't interfere in men's affairs, I held my tongue. So both being out of their elements, there was the inevitable fiasco and they blamed each other. Lawrence did not mean it when he asked Russell to leave him some money in his will; he knew that Russell wasn't a rich man.

The story of the mayor of Milan who came to breakfast in Taormina, with Lawrence throwing plates at me, made me weep tears of laughter. I had never heard it before! And we were poor and did not have so many plates!

Also *The Intelligent Heart* gives a wrong impression of my father. He did slap his young orderly, but it was no "beating." *The Prussian Officer* is a story of cruelty, and though it existed in some Germans, cruelty is a plant that grows everywhere. My father was a lovely father who wrote poems for me when I was small: I must have all the virtues of the animals, quick as a bird and gentle as a lamb, and of course busy as a bee "and gay as a Spitz, be my little Fitz," it ended. He must have read Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* at one time and had such names as "Fitzli-Purzli" for me, and took me to the Officers' swimming establishment and dived into the Moselle with me from the diving board (that taught me to swim), and much to the astonishment of the officers I emerged dressed in my small girl's clothes.

Because Lawrence wrote his books, the young people that read them will not be so mixed up in themselves any more. They will have something to think about and have more fun.

There is Harry T. Moore's Lawrence in *The Intelligent Heart*. But there is a Lawrence that I knew that is not there.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE

AUGUST

SILLY SEASON

It is highly suspicious that it was in August that the Captain and Crew of HMS *Daedalus* saw a sea-serpent. August is traditionally the month of strange reports in newspapers supposedly put together by second-eleven journalists. The story is that all the responsible newspapermen—editors, assistant editors and so on—are away yachting or shooting grouse, and a shadow staff of credulous and scoop-happy "cubs" are putting out Fleet Street's newspapers. Sea-serpents, lorry-drivers buried under ten tons of eggs, Old Etonian Turks attaining incredible ages, Moscow's claim to have invented whisky, flying saucers... We are relaxed in August, even if not actually on holiday. And we become used to travellers' tales from our own friends, too. We receive those occasional postcards with gay foreign stamps (insufficient generally) with the word *Angleterre, Inghliterra* or whatever, variously mis-spelt, under our own very English-sounding address. Abroad, with time on their idiot hands, a belief that they can speak the local *patois*, and a determination to make us stay-at-homes envious, our friends write and tell us of local customs and Customs, food and drink, weather and the price of butter and bullfights. Their postcards get no answer from us. In time they answer themselves. But they have been a not unpleasant part of the Silly Season, and, if we go abroad ourselves, we inflict such postcards on others.

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Skye Playground

TWENTY years ago, when I first started going to the Cuillin of Skye, they seemed the end of the world. Of course, they were well known to climbers, their classic routes already scratched, and recorded in a guide-book, but the climbers who knew them were numerically few. Glen Brittle, which could accommodate some thirty people all told, was connected with the outside world by nine miles of rutted track cut by three savage water-splashes. And when I went up into the hills, to the obvious impressiveness of a knife-edged ridge poised three thousand feet over space (or so it seemed to me on a first acquaintance) there was added the menace of solitude. We would climb all day, and meet no one. If we fell, we should probably die alone.

A return at the end of the war showed the beginnings of great change. The track had become a road passable for private cars (unless the very low-slung ones) and the water-splashes had been bridged. A gaunt and uncompromising Scandinavian structure was the new Youth Hostel, which added eighty beds to the glen. There were more people about; there was occasionally litter to be met with, and tins. But still the Cuillin were not "frequented" by Welsh or Lakeland standards, and I suppose they will never attain the Blackpool-beach-set-upright effect of the Idwal Slabs on a fine Bank Holiday. Yet the sight that greeted me when I came back this year made 1935 seem a mid-Victorian dream.

"The Cuillin are a perfect little natural playground," wrote a more perceptive observer than I; and at the time it struck me as a very odd description of our most savage hills. Now I know it is accurate. They are a compact ridge, never falling very much between the twenty separate summits, which may be done in one day by very strong goers. Now, whenever we put our heads up over a summit, all the others were crowned with the matchsticks of tiny figures. They were alive and humming with people. Down in the glen the permanent accommodation had been supplemented by a forest of tents, and of station-wagons whose back seats converted into bunks for the night. When we took boat round to Coruisk—Coruisk, the loneliest loch in Britain, where only the bravest ever camped and then were liable to eerie experiences—there was a whole tent township by the shore, bustling with cheerful holiday-makers, hospitably offering us tea. How had they got there? Why, nothing easier, a motor boat chartered from Mallaig, bringing all their stores and equipment for a fortnight, no slogging with heavy rucksacks, no trouble at all. In fact, motor boats and tents between them have opened up a new era in the Hebrides—not before it was time. Lochs and islets hitherto completely unwelcoming can now be holiday homes for the visitor, with no need to wait for the hotels that would cost a fortune to build and probably, in view of the short season, never pay their way.

All this *va-et-vient* comprises a complete social cross-section, housed on democratic principles; the bricklayer's mate may have secured a guest-house bed when the titled ex-Everester is glad to doss down on hay in the barn. We have our snobberies, of course. The ex-Everester comes in for a certain amount of dogging—we "happen" to be on Collie's Climb or taking the boat across to Rhum on the same day—but the real star is an Olympic runner who is aiming to break the record for the ridge. He gets as far as the Bhasteir Tooth in six hours and is then held up by a previous party, such are the queues endeavouring to perform what used to be a once-in-a-lifetime feat. He is a desperately shy young man with the artist's look of dedicated melancholy, who cannot really explain the secret of his speed. "Anything up to five feet you've got to jump. Of course you've got to be in training. I'm in training now—but it won't last."

He is not the only one to meet with blocks on the line, and they are all an excuse for climbing gossip, an indulgence which calls however for caution, since sound carries fantastically in the Cuillin and voices may be perfectly audible on summits half an hour's climbing away. "Have some chocolate—the Government pays for it," urge a couple following us up Window Buttress. At once they are identified as "the rescue boys," and the rest of the halts are agreeably diversified with stories of corpses and casualties.

It is a grand institution, the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Unit, just what climbers had been needing, though it was not formed with us in mind. Its specific job is to rescue the crews of planes which crash in mountain country; but, all rescue practice being useful, it is willing to oblige in climbing accidents also, though I should not care to lie out on a Skye hillside while it was fetched all the way from its base at Kinloss on the East coast. Its members, except for officers and N.C.O.s, have other trades and do the training in their spare time. National Servicemen who are already climbers naturally gravitate to it; but in this party of thirty-odd, who have come to Glen Brittle for the weekend, many are complete novices, taking their first mountain steps at the State's expense. They show us proudly over their lorries, finely equipped. The trip is for pleasure really, but after all have had a taste of rock they salve their consciences with a navigational exercise.

With a wider variety of visitors goes a wider range of interests. Everybody climbs, of course, or at any rate scrambles hard. But smatterings of geology, ornithology, botany are on everyone's lips, and any expert brains are freely picked. Why do the rocks in Coire a'Ghrundda give out a tinny sound? Are the Coire Lagan boulders true erratics? Would this be cerastium, can we really have seen a golden eagle? Again, as an old hand, I am conscious of improvement. Geology hits one in the face in the Cuillin, but for years all I knew or cared about was the difference between gabbro, which hurts the hands, and basalt, which comes off in them; while as for botany, the sheets of *saxifraga oppositifolia* in Rhum were taken by me for heather, mysteriously flowering in May. Nature is now a book, not a backdrop, and to be found reading it is no longer shameful, but actually rather smart.

So, one way and another, I cannot honestly regret the lost solitude of the Cuillin, or find anything intrinsically melancholy in the sight of a natural playground being fully played upon. After all, the objective dangers are still there, and some of them, such as the risk of falling stones, have been materially increased, while the new passion for winter mountaineering, extending itself to hills so precipitous, has already produced fatalities. The litter is a drawback, but there seems to be a good deal more in the way of moral courage ready to rebuke offenders caught in the act. And as for the beauty and excitement, which may be savoured more keenly here than anywhere else in Britain, it is only fair that they should be open to anyone who has the nerve.

The far Cuillin are friendly hills today, and a pretty rope-wreathed young woman, rounding the corner of Sron na Ciche to find the climbers' drinking-pool, seems in her person to symbolise all the meetings of friends in the mountains. "Hello, remember me?" she says. "Two years ago you showed me this water." Bending, she drinks from the spring.

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

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The Bhanghi's Haircut

CHANDER'S eyes held the fear of the unknown as he looked at the crowd of people in the narrow village street. "Memsahib, I only asked the Bhanghi (Untouchable) to wait in the queue. I never refused him a haircut." He twisted his hands in his *dhoti*, and the high-caste friends who stood around him took up the Urdu refrain: "never refused him a haircut." Chander had been accused of discrimination against a Harijan, the first case under India's new Untouchability (Offences) Act. It was 107 deg. in the shade, and we stood in the pitiless June sun in Chirag, twelve miles from Delhi, the Act just sixteen days old.

Chander flipped a fan vigorously over my head, as Hari Ram, the linguist, interpreted his story. "The Bhanghi asked very rudely for a haircut, and Chander politely asked him to wait in the queue. The Bhanghi said he was in a hurry, he had to teach in his school. He insisted on being served at once. Madam, Chander has no objection to serving a Bhanghi, but in life one must wait one's turn." Chander's fan nodded vigorous agreement. This, at any rate, was the story which, in retrospect, seemed the truth to Hari Ram, whose principle concern was to save the village from shame and publicity. "Can you not persuade the police to have this case dropped, Madam?" he ended. I said I was afraid I could not, sorry at having to dash this odd survival of faith in British influence. "This is a matter for the panchayat (village elders) to decide," he lamented. "It is a matter for Chirag alone."

Later we found Kishan Chand, the Harijan, and interrogated him. He has risen well above sweeper status. He had learned English, he explained, from an Indian Christian in a missionary school, which he had had to attend, along with other Harijan boys, because caste schools had refused them. Now he earned 130 rupees a month teaching 32 boys general subjects in a Government school. Plump and 33, he wore a white singlet and mauve striped pyjamas; his Indian sense of histrionics could not resist a gesture. "Nobody shall cut my hair until Chander does," he smiled, smoothing his unruly patch of hair. He then told his version of the story and, despite close questioning, he stuck to it. On the Saturday morning he had taken his sick wife to a lady doctor. "Our only child, a daughter aged ten months, died in January. Since then my wife has been ill and unhappy." He returned home, and they ate their meal. Then Kishan Chand decided he would have a haircut before bathing. So he strolled towards the bazaar, where sit the roving barbers whom he, like all the village Harijans, has always patronised. But it was hot that day and, passing Chander's shop, he stepped into it. On the impulse, he claims. Chander, he alleges, flatly refused to serve him.

There the matter might have ended had Kishan Chand not been a young man of spirit. But he reported the matter to the local Congress leader, who finally accompanied him back to Chander's. On the green benches of the "Krishna Hair-cutting Saloon," one customer alone was waiting. "If I serve a Bhanghi I shall lose my high-caste customers," the barber is alleged to have said. An argument developed, and the barber's parting shot, as Kishan Chand claims, was: "You can go to London for a haircut, but I won't serve you, Bhanghi." Later, the matter was reported to the police and, as I write, the first action under the new law is in the process of taking place.

Under the old system the panchayats, steeped in tradition as they are, would surely have come down on Chander's side. And now? Time and the law are probably on the side of Kishan Chand. But time out of mind is needed. And before that, the unknown fears which beset Chirag will be all India's fears.

ELIZABETH PARTRIDGE

The Arts and Entertainment

Cactus Land

NO one with any taste for the experimental whether in drama or literature should miss *Waiting for Godot* at the Arts. This weird and haunting play is by an Irishman, Mr. Samuel Beckett, who was at one time secretary to James Joyce. It was originally written in French, and French audiences have recognised its compelling quality. It is a play like no other that I know. It has neither conflict nor development nor, virtually, characterisation, yet the whole creates a teasing and puzzling image which lingers in the mind long afterwards and chimes in with some usually unacknowledged truth about human experience. It reduces humanity to the lowest common level, and that lowest common level is not (as people sometimes carelessly think) our multiple store civilisation. The lowest common level lies far below that; it is mere existence undistracted by even the round of petty business which fills out most of our days. So the personages of the play are two tramps, down and out, with the choice, for their meal, of raw carrot or turnip, dirty, purposeless, driftwood, yet also, as they ruefully concede, men, too, like the rest. In so far as their continuing to exist has a point—and after all one can choose not to continue to exist—it is in a hope, vague, nebulous and vain, of some sort of undefined possibility of reserve, some sort of salvation through an appointment, if that isn't too strong a word, with a certain Mr. Godot. Why don't they move on? They are waiting for Godot. Why don't they give up, why don't they hang themselves? Something yet may turn up to save them, something may still arrive to make sense of their lives, something or other, call it, if you like, Godot. So they choose reluctantly to continue to exist, but it's hard work dragging themselves through the great undifferentiated stretches of day after day.

Yet already I may have given a false impression, an impression of dreariness, when the play is not, whatever it is, dreary. It is the saddest play I ever saw, but its surface is comedy. The tramps are, in the tramp tradition, comics. They indulge in cross talk, though it is cross talk with an undertow; they fool through the day, though theirs is the wryest kind of fooling. They are hopelessly dependent on one another, and though they make several attempts to part, they can neither of them get on without the other. Their one distraction comes from the arrival of a loud-voiced, loud-faced, loud-dressed lout of a man, called Pozzo, preceded by a cretin carrying his bags and whom he drives with a long rope round his neck. A perfectly horrible spectacle, the subservience of this moron to the tyranny of his master; yet we are somehow brought to see that here too each is necessary to the other, that it is not, as the horrified tramps first suppose, the slave that is trying to escape from the master, but the master who wants to get rid of a slave who won't be got rid of. The appalling interlude ends with the master offering to pass a little time for the tramps by making his moron sing, or dance, or think, for them, whichever they like. But can he think? Oh yes:

POZZO: Certainly. Aloud. He even used to think very prettily once. I could listen to him for hours. Now . . . (*he shudders*). So much the worse for me. Well, would you like him to think something for us?

1ST TRAMP: I'd rather he'd dance. It'd be more fun.

POZZO: Not necessarily.

1ST TRAMP: Wouldn't it, Didi, be more fun?

2ND TRAMP: I'd like well to hear him think.

1ST TRAMP: Perhaps he could dance first and think afterwards, if it isn't too much to ask him.

2ND TRAMP: Would that be possible?

POZZO: By all means, nothing simpler, it's the natural order. Do you hear, hog? Dance, misery!

Then after a ghastly little parody of a ballet step or two, the moron thinks for them, trembling into a long Joycean farrago which all the same bears a crooked resemblance to philosophical thinking. The performance over, Pozzo whips his carrier off, and the tramps are left, still waiting for a Godot who still doesn't turn up.

The Arts Theatre production is a very good shot at a very difficult target. The tramps are played by two promising young actors, Mr. Peter Woodthorpe and Mr. Paul Daneman. They do not, I think, make the tramps quite as funny as they might be, but this would call for a sense of timing which they couldn't yet expect to have; and Mr. Woodthorpe lost too many laughs by a downward inflection which made him inaudible. But perhaps Mr. Peter Hale, the producer, may anyhow have encouraged this, and in so far as he is successful in conveying the dreadful desolation which seeps up from the text, he is justified. Mr. Timothy Bateson, as the cretin, would win any Oscar for the most brilliant eccentric performance of the year. He is perfect. And Mr. Peter Bull, with a shade more restraint in the first half, will be an excellent Pozzo.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Flesh and Its Denial

ANDRÉ MINAUX, Ginette Rapp, Roger Montané and Jean Vinay, the *Four French Realists*, now at the Tate, are inspired by the same motives as those British Realists whose attitude I discussed and praised the other week. They differ from their British counterparts in that they have a stronger and more pronounced appreciation of sensuous enjoyment which affects their colour, their way of drawing and their subject matter. They find more pleasure in necessity.

Roger Montané (born 1916) is one of the most gifted painters of his generation and I recommend every reader to try to see his gay, tender and immensely human work. Most of his canvases, some of which are very large, are of figures in streets or beside Venetian canals. Their colour is bright, diffusive and somewhat chemical in character—like that of dyed shantung silks in sunlight, viridian and a slightly whitened vermilion dominating. The figures are simplified; curved mass comes before angularity of detail so that, like Renoirs or Légers, they have a monumental quality and the strength and sensuous comfort of a well-formed shoulder throughout. Behind and around these figures the evocation of volume is marvellous. Between the buildings and under the bridges the spaces have been made to fit and run as positively and smoothly as drawers into a table—drawers full of the almost tangible vibrations of Southern heat and light. The mood of Montané's paintings is as contemporary as the cinema, but the nearest historical affinity is Veronese. His figures have the same heroic sense of delight.

Possible criticisms of his work would be that the faces of his figures are sometimes a little wooden, and that their regular curves are a little too regular. Yet it is the fact that his faces are purged of all introspective complication which gives them their noble openness, and it is the general regularity of their bodies which emphasises, by contrast and without destroying their monumentality, the meaning, instinct, desire, behind the slightest inclination of thigh, arm or head. The Man in the Street has become a demogogic cliché. But if the words were minted anew and included in their meaning the whole history of man's gradual triumph over his environment—which is after all what the idea of a street can signify—one would be getting, I think, somewhere near to describing Montané's ambition in painting these pictures. He is successful because, given such an ambition, he has a motive for trying to make a synthesis of the discoveries of his predecessors: Léger, Grommaire, the Cubists, Renoir, Villon, Bonnard—all are implied in his work. His colour is atmospheric *and* decorative: his drawing is simplified *and* constrained by reality: his vision is monumental *and* intimate: he comments on the human situation *and* thrills us by the way in which he makes the colour of a shoe barely distinguishable from the white dusty ground below, whilst the bare leg above is in dark contrast to them both, or by his description of the limits within which a woman's back can turn.

Minaux's paintings are also impressive though not, as yet, resolved as Montané's—he is seven years younger. His new pictures, mostly of farm scenes, are less austere and more colourful than his earlier ones—the orchard and copse have taken the place of the slaughter-house—but the discipline has remained and each figure, jacket, ladder, basket, tree, is drawn with lines as deliberate and firm as a cobbler's stitches in leather. Local material, colour and form are so uncompromisingly stated that looking at any of his canvases one is made to feel that one has borrowed the objects in it, that one has tangible possession. His paintings are unresolved, only because they haven't enough air in them, because everything is grasped as though it were equally solid: the sense of possession thus becomes claustrophobic—which may be an appropriate comment on peasant aquisitiveness, but is slightly oppressive visually. The example of Gauguin, now that it has extended his palette, should perhaps be less closely followed, for Gauguin's grasping semi-flat use of colour was connected with his symbolism, and symbolism, I am sure, is a long way from Minaux's aims.

Ginette Rapp paints the dark coast, boats and outhouses of Brittany. The atmosphere of her pictures is very effective; one can feel the creosote and tar preserving the old wood against the dampness and the salt: one can sense the lack of any new machinery or new rope or new ideas—the obsolescence of the scenes. But her treatment of form and perspective is sometimes insufficiently clarified: objects and textures become too naturalistically entangled together. The figures in her *Potato Pickers* suggests that she could easily overcome this. Jean Vinay is the gentlest and most temperamental artist of the four. His subjects are canals, the Seine and the way that, in a certain light, water and sky can combine together to make the building between them look as though it were itself an entire peninsula. His sense of composition is superb and his poetry very pleasing, but he is by nature a more limited artist than the other three.

The Mondrian exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery is made up of 55 works beginning with a Watts-like *Portrait of a Woman* of 1898, including some gentle impressionist landscapes, some wild Expressionist ones and the first abstracts of 1911, and ending up with the severely geometric coloured scaffolding of *New York City*, 1942. One could write pages about this show and about Mondrian's two essays on abstract art published in the catalogue. Perhaps the three most important points to make are: first, that his final canvases of straight coloured horizontal and vertical lines on dead white backgrounds were not as easy to produce as the perplexed will assume they were—for Mondrian himself they were probably more difficult than was the Mona Lisa for Leonardo: secondly, that by the Forties Mondrian had pioneered abstract art to its limits and since then no one has been able to take it further except by introducing an arbitrary emotionalism which he would have hated with all possible fervour: and, thirdly, that no abstract painter has ever equalled the tautness and "spring" of his work. The explanation of this last fact is what makes this exhibition so moving. Mondrian became—or may be was turned into—a fanatic who destroyed nine-tenths of himself to pack the final tenth with phenomenal vitality. As a Dutchman he inherited a Calvinist conscience. An early painting of a young girl is painted with all the repressed tenderness that a pastor might feel for one of his pupils. On her dress are some flowers which seem to dance in a strange luminosity. "Let there be Rejoicing and Song and Dance," one can hear declaimed from the pulpit; and at the same time one knows that such things must only occur in the Kingdom of Heaven after the flesh has been vanquished. The advent of the machine, the reaction against the horror of the First World War, the dream of a new, pure environment which was encouraged by functional architecture—each of these must have contributed to Mondrian's final method of creating song and dance purged of all associations and personality and set in a Kingdom which he hoped was that of the Universal Future. His early enjoyment of his pigment (his abstracts are painted like back doors), his considerable power of draughtsmanship, the passion of his Fauve period (there is a beautiful painting here of a red tree against a blue sky which gushes across it), the intellectual excitement of Cubism, all were sacrificed to the dance of horizontals and verticals in a perfect Equilibrium, which he believed could eventually be transferred back to life, making all art, abstract or otherwise, unnecessary. Mondrian's influence on design, typography and architecture has been large and creative. His integrity and optimism are an inspiration. His stand for discipline and control against chaotic, self-indulgent emotion was magnificent. He believed in Man as strongly as Van Gogh. But to sustain this belief he denied too much and convinced himself that in the simplest visual pattern, not in millions of imperfect hearts, lay the hidden plan of a New Jerusalem.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Rescue in the Dog Days

"The Strong Man," at the National Film Theatre

"The Barefoot Battalion," at the Berkeley

This is the time of year for rare seasons and lunches to famous directors, for placards peeling and slips of the pen, for reminiscence, longing, and discovery while the conveyor-belt hesitates and the queues thin. I have played my part in most of these. Bunuel I have met and understood—if not primarily through an interchange of bad French; a sinister brother to Stanley Kramer—one Sidney—appeared last week in my column; for the first time I have seen Harry Langdon in *The Strong Man*; I have read Mr. Roger Manvell's Penguin, *The Film and the Public*, which extends on his *Film*. And, I must confess, I have spent a certain amount of time in parks, on embankments, on sofas with a green-reflecting ceiling above.

To take the last first, *The Film and the Public* is dedicated to Arletty, covers everything (more or less), opens all the approaches, and faces Television. If this Penguin does not seem to me quite to come up to the other, perhaps that is because I find it more politic. I like generalisation to be disturbing; and Mr. Manvell's isn't that. He smoothes, he educates, he waves a referring hand. However, the book sharpens with memories of childhood and a personal choice of films, and I learnt much—having much to learn—about Abel Gance, the first wide-screener, about early cartoon, production budgets, censorship and copyright.

I don't think I enjoyed *The Strong Man* quite so extravagantly as *Long Pants*; but that may be because I am now, not discovering Langdon, but consolidating him. He is a strange *poupée*. His role, here as before, is boyish, that of some Dickensian innocent in a war and post-war world. He is first seen in No-Man's Land, fruitlessly letting off a machine-gun, and finding deadlier aim with a catapult. He is carried off by a huge Hun, to reappear after the war following him (now Zandow the Strong Man) to America, and starting a private search for one Mary Brown who has written him love letters.

His first—and best—adventure brings him to grips with a tart who might have inspired Sternberg, and their equivocal grappling—she after a planted wad of notes that has strayed in the lining, he in defence of a virtue thornier than the rose—is beautifully extended to unwilling ascents of stairs, battles on couches, murderous chases round locked apartments. This is, one might say, pure Langdon. Is he a boy aged twelve, or a Vesta Tilley—he has her plumper looks—unexpectedly tested? The boy seems uppermost; there are sudden frisks, dangerous looks, jabs of the fist. During a long bus journey—the chief object of which is to present Langdon with a cold, facing two rows of passengers—he gets his last big chance of comedian's cadenza: then comes plot—a melodramatic affair of a blind girl, a sleepy town wakened to vice through Prohibition, a grand climax in which local fundamentalists march singing round the saloon as if it were Jericho. And it *does* fall down. Langdon has to play the part of the Strong Man, but when it comes to being shot from the cannon, he turns it on his critics. There are superb moments with a backcloth covering the audience and Langdon hopping on top and afterwards swinging on a trapeze before the whole place collapses. Ill-fitted in the uniform of law and order, he goes off arm in arm with his blind girl, and it's he who trips and sprawls. Story and direction are Capra's. Langdon is his ventriloquist dummy. After this film, apparently, Langdon gave Capra the sack, and so lost his animating hand and voice. A strange near-genius, whose perfect collaborator might have been a Vigo or a Bunuel, to give that terrible innocence full play. *The Strong Man* will be shown from Aug. 14-17 and 21-24, to be followed later on by Harold Lloyd in *Feet First*, Raymond Griffith in *Hands Up*, and Charles Ray in *The Old Swimming Hole*.

The Barefoot Battalion is about Resistance children in Greece, made on the spot, thought up miles away, vividly photographed, but, alas, losing its authentic look to the claims of stock emotionalism and melodrama. This could—with a little more rigour and honesty—have been one of the best flashbacks to the war; but, as it is, its young actors and its background have freshness, and truth flies out of the window.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Person to Person

FILMS establish identity of place by what have become conventional symbols. For the world at large Big Ben and London Bridge spell London, and the Eiffel Tower Paris, and so on; so that the world at large, which has never seen these cities, knows that at least by stereotypes, stereotypes which, though valid enough, may very well get in the way of further knowledge of the places of which they are emblematic. We saw the other evening the last film in the *Cities of Europe* series—London. It was a very agreeable and polished little film. The stereotypes were there because they cannot be dodged; a film about the London scene without the Tower and Tower Bridge, the Abbey and Buckingham Palace and Number 10, Downing Street seems unthinkable. And as a result, for all its unpretentiousness, how familiar it all was! In this respect it was exactly like the earlier film in the series on Paris. The awful thing is that the great cities have become familiar to us whether we know them at first hand or not; all that is necessary is that we should have seen enough films.

Which rather suggests that this series of programmes, the latest in the Television Continental Exchange programmes, was perhaps not such a good idea after all. Each national television organisation produced its own film for the Exchange: it might have been better if we had been shown London through the camera-eye of an Italian or Paris through the lens of a Dane. Conceivably, we might then have had something new. As it was, nice and inoffensive though these films were, we saw television doing what is the direct opposite of its international function, which is surely to break down or get behind the stereotypes in which each nation attempts to sum itself up. If we are after travelogues—substitutes for foreign travel among the postcard glories or fillips for the tourist trade—the film industry can do as well as if not better than television. What television can do, as conventional films cannot, is to give us the private view of the foreign, the intimate marginal details that bring the tourist scene to life and are in fact precisely what the intelligent tourist goes abroad to find. It can give us the landscape with figures; and here once again one thinks of the masters of British television, Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Crawley. One remembers, for example, the film of the conversation, shot in a middle-class American living room, between Mr. Crawley and some citizens of Madison, Wisconsin, wasn't it, on the subject of Senator MacCarthy. One took away from that a much more vivid impression of America and American life than one gets from any number of beautiful photographs of Times Square or the Empire State Building.

Television Continental Exchange is a scheme of infinite possibility. One can only wish it well. Sound broadcasting, one sometimes thinks, has raised barriers between nations; it imprisons us in the language we know. Television could go far to break them down. But if, in such programmes as Television Continental Exchange, programmes are put out to bolster national prestige or to project for propaganda purposes a self-conscious "way of life," we may find ourselves worse off than we were before they existed. What one hopes for in these programmes is a pooling of international resources, the sense of the European community being greater than any of its individual constituents. "Nation shall speak peace unto nation," the old B.B.C. slogan, is all very fine: what is really more important at the present moment is that person shall speak unto person.

No one possesses this quality of being a person and creating the illusion that he is speaking to other persons—not to a huge anonymous audience—more strongly than Bertrand Russell. We had the first of his latest series of autobiographical talks, *Then and Now*, the other evening. One says the "latest": it was in fact a recording of a talk originally broadcast eight months ago in the General Overseas Services of the B.B.C., and one wonders how many other treasures are hidden away from the common ear there. His theme was *Why I took to Philosophy*: it showed once again that in the spoken word there are no substitutes for clarity of style and beauty of diction. It had enormous distinction and because of that it was a delight to listen to.

A new television series that has still to fulfil its promise is *Who Said That?* At present it is a not very happy combination of panel game and something better. The team have to identify quotations and then discuss their truth or otherwise. The aim, one guesses, is that discussion should flower into good conversation. It hasn't done so yet. What we have had instead is simply a round of opinions, vigorously stated, as one would expect from Miss Nancy Spain, Mr. Harding and Colonel Henriques, but in most cases quite predictable. One hopes that soon we shall get something more and the statement of opinions grow into the interchange of talk. We need good talk on television. But good talk is always rare, and rare for a good reason: it cannot be arranged beforehand. It depends always on imponderables, the mood of those taking part, a sense of ease, a sudden afflatus. It must arise naturally. It cannot be manufactured in cold blood, which is exactly what performers in a television programme must strive to do. I feel they might be helped in their efforts if the number of quotations to be identified was cut down: good talk ignores the clock.

WILLIAM SALTER

Correspondence

LIBERTY AND BROADCASTING

SIR,—The outrageous directive recently issued to the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. by the Postmaster-General is the culminating point of a long struggle by the party machines to stifle freedom of speech on the air.

It is important to get the facts right. Up to date this struggle has been conducted by Transport House and the Conservative Central Office, working in close collaboration behind the back of Parliament and without the knowledge of the public, because they detected in unscripted and uninhibited argument on radio and television a vague but potentially dangerous threat to their own steadily increasing political power. There has been no discussion of the matter in the House of Commons nor, so far as I am aware, at meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party or the Conservative "1922" Committee; and the Whips have wisely steered clear of the whole affair

The struggle began with the surreptitious and ultimately successful attempt to break up the original *In the News* team on television. First we were told that the number of our appearances must be drastically cut; then that, as a general rule, they must be "staggered"; and finally that we could never again appear together as a team. At an early stage the B.B.C. suggested that Michael Foot and myself, as the two Members of Parliament most directly concerned, should be invited to attend one of the so-called conferences at which the emissaries of Lord Woolton and Mr. Herbert Morrison delivered their *ultimata*. This suggestion was coldy vetoed by the machines; and thereafter, under sustained political pressure, one B.B.C. capitulation followed another.

Emboldened by their easy triumphs, the machines then set about the whole range of radio and television programmes. To my astonishment I was informed that the total number of my performances on the air, as of every other Member of Parliament, would in future be subject to an annual ration. I have never been able to discover precisely what this ration is. Mr. Frank Gillard has told me that, so far as *Any Questions?* is concerned, it is four; and I gather that this applies also to the corresponding Scottish programme *A Matter of Opinion*. But apparently there is no ration for programmes which are broadcast overseas. Why? And by what process of reasoning was the mystical figure four arrived at? Of one thing alone I am certain, and that is that a civil action for damages arising from restraint of trade lay against both the party machines if I had cared to institute it. I now wish I had done so; but at the time it seemed too difficult to combat such a pervasive and malignant monster. One felt as if one was in the grip of an octopus.

By repudiating the gentlemen's (*sic*) agreement with the machines, Sir Ian Jacob has, as you say, forced the Government out into the open, and confronted us with a new situation. Apart from its iniquity, I submit that the directive of the Postmaster-General is in practice unenforceable. Take my own position. On September 25 the original *In the News* team is scheduled to begin a weekly discussion of current events on commercial TV. For a month we shall be free to discuss what we like. Then Parliament will reassemble, and we shall presumably be required to guess the subjects which are to be debated during the next fortnight—a task which will demand unusual prophetic powers because no one on earth knows what the business of the House of Commons is to be for more than a week ahead. On top of this we shall have to make a note of every Bill that is introduced, including private Members' Bills, and remain silent on every subject with which they deal until they either receive the Royal Assent or are withdrawn. Meanwhile I shall be perfectly free to address a larger audience in the columns of the *News of the World* on any topic I choose, regardless of the proceedings in the Commons or the Lords.

In your current issue, 'Critic' suggests that the right way to deal with this preposterous nonsence is for commercial TV deliberately to violate the ban; and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge has put forward a similar suggestion. I am all for it. Indeed, I have already flagrantly violated the "gentlemen's agreement," for on the night before the Commons debate on the Geneva Conference, Richard Crossman and I were gaily discussing the subject in the Home Service of the B.B.C. For my part I do not intend to pay the faintest attention to an Order which, if it were not so ludicrous, would be one of the most formidable menaces to freedom which our democracy has had to face in this century.

House of Commons. ROBERT BOOTHBY

THE DEATH PENALTY

SIR,—The crux of the matter is the Neville Heath problem, and it is difficult to see how we can make any progress until it is tackled. Many humane and scrupulous people feel that they are faced with a profoundly difficult choice of evils and that very great harm is done by dividing the country into abolitionists and barbarians.

If a man like Heath is not hanged, there are two possibilities: (1) Sooner or later he will be released as a reformed character. But he was almost certainly incurable, so the probability is that he would prey on women for the rest of his life, getting worse as he got older, and would commit another murder. Most people are perfectly certain and clear in their own minds that whatever happens there must be no risk of that. They are quite certain that it is far better to hang a man than to run any risk at all of a repetition of the raping and torturing and killing. (2) If a man is kept in prison without any hope at all of release, and if he is kept so closely guarded and confined that he cannot possibly escape, he will certainly deteriorate very rapidly and either die in a few months or else live on as a mindless body, perhaps into old age. And it is agreed, of course, by everybody that a sane man must not be sent to spend the rest of his life closely confined amongst lunatics. Therefore, people who are scrupulous in these matters feel that in a case like Heath's, and at the present stage of public education, they have to choose between killing a man quickly and killing him slowly.

I am quite sure, Sir, that it would be a very great help if the abolitionists would agree that many of their opponents are humane, scrupulous and intelligent; that the Heath type of case causes very great anxiety and is the crux of the matter; that at present there is nothing but a choice of evils, and that the only hope of progress is to try to see the difficulties of the other side. R. L. KITCHING

Wetherby, Yorkshire.

SIR,—In some countries the abolition of capital punishment followed a period during which death sentences were normally commuted. Perhaps the Home Secretary might be persuaded to give this nineteenth-century practice a trial. It would not need legislation, and (though I deplore the thought) could be discontinued at any moment. Official abolition is greatly to be preferred, but is not likely to be accepted by Parliament in the immediate future. G. M. LEE

8 Chaucer Road, Bedford.

IN THE WILDERNESS

SIR,—Does no one care about the wails of Jeremiah (late Jolly Jack) Priestley? Here is a famous playwright and skilful writer telling us that we are all going to rack and ruin and no one of consequence is taking notice. Of course, there is a precedent for such discourtesy, but look what happened to the children of Israel. To dismiss Mr. Priestley as a literary Ramsay MacDonald is not to answer him.

I suspect that the difficulty lies in the occasional note of truth which is struck as each heart-rending ululation runs up and down the scale. "Ah," we say, "he's right there," even when we know that all we are hearing is a personal variation on half a theme. Of course, there is no Shakespeare writing in English today. Of course, the millionfold increase in the number of people all over the world whose lives are beginning to include something more than existence has been accompanied by an even greater increase in the number who have no idea how to use new opportunities. Of course, an increasingly complex society throws up a bureaucracy which threatens individual freedom and in its endeavours to prevent the incredible monster of world civilisation collapsing

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under its own weight regards conformity as the prime virtue. Of course, slavery and serfdom still exist but, *for the first time*, they are not the recognised foundation of States, the accepted dungheap on which Greek and Roman genius flourished.

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What is Mr. Priestley's current contribution to our times? A lament that this age has not given rebirth to unique genius; to one who was of his own time and yet as Ben Jonson said "Not of an age, but for all time."

HUGH JENKINS

25 Westmoreland Terrace,
London, S.W.1.

SIR,—The first result of Mr. Priestley's latest article will, no doubt, be a cry from the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre, protesting that the present European tour is an example of private enterprise, and has nothing to do with the British Arts Council; I leave them to fight their own battles. I am concerned with Mr. Priestley's remark, "it is not difficult to imagine all the fuss and palaver, all the administrating and organising, the cables, letters, telegrams, contracts, schedules, time tables, behind this particular production." Mr. Priestley finds all this typical of our new society, but does he imagine that any enterprise such as this, theatrical or commercial, State-sponsored or privately run, could be launched without administration and organisation, or a certain amount of fuss. I am old enough to remember (and so is he) the first grand tour of this kind, a visit to Berlin, undertaken by that great individualist, Beerbohm Tree, towards the end of the Edwardian decade. I well remember, in those days of ample newspaper space, the long stories of the vast preparations, the stream of telegraph boys who were involved, the disorganisation at the other end which culminated in the curtain going up on the actors moving their own scenery. Yet, at the time, the visit was regarded as a great success, and nicknamed by *Punch*, "The Pax Beerbohmical!"

Mr. Priestley thinks that fuss is being substituted for genius, and laments the dearth of dramatists. That—following a very rich period—we are now going through a very lean period of playwriting, no one will deny, but the laws of nature always provide compensations. The standard of acting today is far, far higher than anything that has preceded it since first I became a playgoer, over fifty years ago. One of the most remarkable things about this highly discussed production of *King Lear* is that, despite the nightmare of moving scenery and distorted costumes, the magic of the spoken word breaks through. Nothing can disguise the fact that in John Gielgud we have the greatest actor that this century has so far produced.

Is there anything really wrong in the fact that the dramatic genius of today is being concentrated upon the interpretative rather than upon the creative art? Such alternating patches have happened before in the history of the British Theatre—one such passage, sterile in playwriting, but boasting a long dynasty of actors stretching from Garrick, through Kemble and Kean, to Irving, lasted for nearly a hundred years. Cannot Mr. Priestley rejoice that since 1940, in this breathing space from new writing, the actors have burnished their art upon the classics and brought them to life, in a manner not previously equalled in our lifetime?

CHARLES LANDSTONE

SIR,—Mr. Priestley *must* wander back from his little private Sinai. His judgments are becoming tenuous and slap-dash, especially when he uses in them a collective noun, *e.g.*, "What we want are airplanes that break the sound barrier and this is what we have been given." There is more than one "we" in any society and Mr. Priestley knows it. Let us be more differential and say that the "we" who wanted the airplanes were the minority who had money invested in airplane production. The other "we"—the long, long-suffering majority who had not—did not want supersonic super-killers. One may abhor the archaic cliché: "the minority with the wealth ruling the majority without it," but it still most accurately describes the present state of society.

H. H. BRINDLEY

16 Bickley Road,
Rushall, Staffordshire.

J. K. HUYSMANS

SIR,—May I answer Mr. Baldick's letter, in your issue of August 6, concerning my review of his book, *The Life of J. K. Huysmans*.

I should like first to deny his allegation that I claimed that he "leaned heavily on Huysmans's autobiographical novels in telling the story of his life," for I only intended to suggest, as a purely personal opinion, while realising it was an unfashionable attitude to adopt with this writer, that I do not myself believe in using, even the most autobiographical texts as if they were unbiased records. Huysmans's authority to do so, which Mr. Baldick claims, does not, by itself, convince me, since it is impossible to view the events of one's own life objectively. The autobiographical novels seem to me significant as a revelation of their author's state of mind at the time when he was writing, his subjective view of his past at that precise moment, but not necessarily statements of undisputed fact. When I said that Mr. Baldick himself admitted that Huysmans had related invented episodes in one novel at all events, it does not surely matter which novel it was, and the fact that it was *Marthe* and not *Sac au Dos*—which I thought he had meant—does not invalidate my argument that, if *any* novel contains fictitious material, then the reader does not know what to believe.

I did not accuse Mr. Baldick of "suppressing" Huysmans's school records, but only questioned his stating, without any reference, that "the school records reveal that Georges worked well and showed more than average intelligence." It would have been interesting, from this unbiased source, to discover, not—as Mr. Baldick suggests—the marks which he obtained in various subjects over a number of years, but details of what the records reveal and where they can be seen. If, as Mr. Baldick's letter claims, they are "reproduced in the early biography by Céard and Caldain" then that reference should have been given. Interested readers like to be able to refer to the authorities themselves in order to form their own opinion.

It is debatable whether one particular subject treated in several issues of a periodical should count as one or several articles—Mr. Baldick castigates me for referring to Huysmans's *Emile Zola et l'Assommoir* as one and not four articles. However, the point I intended to make was that, for the modern reader, it is as important—and of more practical utility since easier to refer to than a foreign periodical—to obtain information concerning these articles when they were reissued together in book form, as to find their original dates of publication in the Belgian paper. The note dealing with this "brochure," as Mr. Baldick calls it, claiming that it "caused something of a stir" when it appeared, gives no information about it, and it does not figure in the bibliography.

Robert Baldick admits that his system of notes may be, as I claimed, "wasteful of time," but defends it on the grounds that "they were not intended for readers in a hurry." I would, however, humbly, like to suggest to him that it is not only "readers in a hurry" who are loth to waste time.

ENID STARKIE

41 Saint Giles', Oxford.

SOCIAL REALISM

SIR,—Mr. R. O. Dunlop says: "Everywhere people today are contented with their life. The proletariat know nothing of Mr. Berger's dark and monotonous reality."

Has Mr. Dunlop read *Journey into a Fog*, by Margareta Berger-Hamerschlag? If not, I hope he will do so. This description of an artist's attempt to teach art at a youth club in a sordid district of London should alter his opinion.

GERALD MANN

THE COFFEE POT

SIR,—For some time anxiety has been expressed at the loneliness of young people who start professional jobs far from the towns in which their parents live. Many of these young men and women complain that they find it difficult to meet other contemporaries who share their interests. Most of them live in "digs" where it is difficult to entertain, and all of them find entertaining in restaurants expensive.

In an attempt to meet the needs of these young people, a new club has been opened in London—The Coffee Pot—directed by a Committee composed largely of recent graduates and three or four senior members. This club is intended for younger members of the professions, particularly those who are not native Londoners, or who, having been away at boarding school or university, have lost touch with their contemporaries who live near their homes. Membership is open to both men and women between the ages of 19 and 30. The subscription is £2 a year. There is no entrance fee.

There is an "At Home" at the Coffee Pot Club every Monday between 7.30 and 10 p.m. There are restaurant and club lounge facilities on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. It is hoped to open other Coffee Pots in various towns and there are schemes for a London Coffee Pot which will be open every day. Anyone who would like to hear more about the Coffee Pot is invited to write to the Secretary, The Coffee Pot, 83 Chiltern Street, London, W.1.

JEAN LINDSAY
F. G. SKELTON

IRA ALDRIDGE

SIR,—We are preparing the first definitive biography of the great Negro actor, Ira Aldridge (1807-1867), known as the African Roscius. We should be very glad to hear from any of your readers who may be in possession of playbills, news-cuttings, photographs, letters, documents, or any other material or information.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

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Your list of books that Cassells have refused in these weeks is not quite complete; they also refused:—

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2. The Journals and Private Correspondence of David, King of Israel.
3. Poetical Works of Arthur, Iron Dook of Wellington, including a Monody on Napoleon.
4. Eight books of an unfinished novel, *Solomon Crabb*. By Henry Fielding.
5. Stevenson's Moral Emblems.

You also neglected to mention, as *per contra*, that they had during the same time accepted and triumphantly published Brown's *Handbook to Cricket*, Jones's *First French Reader*, and Robinson's *Picturesque Cheshire*, uniform with the same author's *Stately Homes of Salop*.

THUS Stevenson to Henley, indulging, the pair of them, in one of authorship's most enduring pleasures, derision of the stupidity of publishers. If, as seems true, publishers as a class have never had a particularly good press, it is because we see them through the eyes of authors. Authors and publishers cohabit in a state of unholy matrimony, neither can do without the other, and each wishes he could. To authors—or a few of them—goes the fame; to publishers the permanent table at the Ivy.

The relationship, then, is a difficult one; it always has been, and so long as authorship and publishing exist in their present form it will remain so. Publishers are capitalists; authors see themselves as an exploited proletariat; and the correspondence columns of *The Times* continue to buzz with the grievances of both. It is all very sad. Yet no matter how we all complain—publishers wanting larger profits, authors bigger royalties or at any rate not smaller than those they used to get, and the public cheaper books—very few, I imagine, look forward with any enthusiasm to the possible alternatives to the present system for the production and dissemination of books. No doubt far too many books are published and, very probably, there are far too many publishers. Or rather, there would be if publishers were analogous to motor car manufacturers. But they are not. Books may be commodities, but they are commodities of a wholly different sort from automobiles, detergents or television sets. If the structure of the book trade is wasteful or uneconomic, the fact remains that, from the point of view of a liberal civilisation, the remedies, whether rationalisation or nationalisation, would leave us much worse off than before. We need not look as far as the State monopolies of the totalitarian powers to see this; we have an instance nearer at hand. The B.B.C. is an admirable institution and it performs a function akin to publishing; but partly because of its quasi-official position and the terrible sense of responsibility that burdens it, and partly because of its very size, it is immeasurably more cautious in what it puts out than publishers are called upon to be. The existence of a great many publishing houses, even at the risk of an excess of them, is one guarantee that minority view and minority culture can find expression.

And here*, in a volume of 736 pages, is a partial record of the achievement of one publishing house during the first century of its existence. It contains, besides three complete novels, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Crome Yellow* and Lagerkvist's *Barabbas*, stories, poems, essays and extracts by more than sixty writers as diverse as Swinburne and F. R. Leavis, Chekhov and William Faulkner, Proust and Norman Douglas, Lytton Strachey and L. C. Knights, Sir Compton Mackenzie and William Empson, V. S. Pritchett and Basil Willey. Value for money; and yet only a partial record: it might have been amusing to have had as well some excerpts from the books Messrs. Chatto and Windus are no longer proud of having published, the novels of Hall Caine, for example, or that work which, according to Mr. Oliver Warner in his introduction, figured in the early lists of the firm: *Romance of the Rod; an Anecdotal History of the Birch in Ancient and Modern Times*. Yet the appearance of even that suspicious work in Chatto's early lists, or rather Hotten's, as it was then, is instructive. It appeared, Mr. Warner tells us, alongside a "fine edition of The Book of Common Prayer" and in the juxtaposition of the two volumes we glimpse an important truth. The publisher is a general merchant, and the profits on the sales of his more successful stock must support the losses on his failures. And part of the publisher's difficulty is that his losses may be upon books which, ideally, he would be most pleased to publish. Happy is the publisher who is the possessor of a long-established selling line in the *De bello Gallico* with notes for schools or of such a work as Gray's *Anatomy* (thirtieth edition in 1949, and since then how many only the publishers know). The rights of books such as these are the equivalent of a private income, and the publisher who lacks them must make up for them as best he can with near-pornography or its modern equivalent, the historical romance from the United States.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus's is obviously a most honourable record, one as distinguished as that of any publisher in the country and much more so than most. Its great days, as this centenary volume shows, were the Twenties and Thirties. Its associations with "Bloomsbury" were close. It has generally managed to have a number of best-sellers on its list, and they have generally been of a good literary standard. At the same time, it has sponsored much serious fiction—I wonder how many years it was before Mr. Faulkner's novels, for instance, began to bring in a steady profit—and has consistently published verse and literary criticism; indeed, in the past twenty years or so, it has almost become the official publisher of Cambridge literary scholarship. Long may it flourish.

But the question still remains. What makes a successful publisher?—success being interpreted not as mere financial success but as the continuous dissemination of what is new and exciting in ideas and in imaginative writing. A successful publishing house achieves over the years a corporate identity akin to that of a newspaper or periodical. It acquires a tone of its own, so that, in a sense, we know what to expect when we pick up a new book emanating from it. This corporate identity, this tone peculiar to itself and never easy to describe, is partly the result of tradition; still more it is the expression of character in the publisher himself or in the moving spirit in the house. Dull dogs publish dull books; a lively list has a lively mind behind it. In every generation—and it is notorious that in these days a generation does not last thirty years—from the relatively small group of publishers that may be called distinguished, a handful, half a dozen at most, stand out. These are the publishers to whom the ambitious young author first sends his manuscript. It is unlikely that he will know more about these firms than the impressions of them he has gathered from the books they publish, but that is enough. To the ambitious young novelist in the early Thirties, for instance, the presence of *Soldiers' Pay* and *The Sound and the Fury* in the Chatto and Windus list represented the best kind of challenge. In the same way, to the young poet the presence in the Faber list of Eliot and Pound and later, Auden, was an irresistible magnet.

The necessary quality of the successful publisher, then, is a lively mind capable of remaining receptive to new ideas, new modes of thought and expression. Education as such is probably not essential, and it may not be at all a good thing that publishing has become one of the posh professions. It is impossible not to be impressed by the fact that so many of the great early nineteenth-century publishers, men like the first Macmillan, were self-educated and self-made, engaged in supplying the demands of a new class of readers of whom they themselves were typical even though they may have been slightly ahead of it. They were, in a curious way, combinations of merchant and missionary, and something like the missionary spirit is still not a bad impulse for a publisher.

It is probably not even essential that a publisher should be literate. I must confess I have yet to meet one who is not, though some are very obviously more literate than others. More important is unreasoning faith in his own judgment or in that of his adviser—and the chapter in the history of publishing on the influence of that largely anonymous body of men, the publisher's readers, or literary advisers as they tend now to be called, has yet to be written. For, above everything else perhaps, the publisher needs to be something of a gambler: he must back his hunch and be prepared to go on doing so. If he does not, he may make a great deal of money but he will not be a publisher in any serious sense of the word. He will be a purveyor of readily marketable commodities—"Brown's *Handbook to Cricket*, Jones's *First French Reader*, and Robinson's *Picturesque Cheshire*, uniform with the same author's *Stately Homes of Salop*"—and it will be very unlikely that the house that bears his name will ever be able to publish a book called *A Century of Writers*.

WALTER ALLEN

* *A Century of Writers*. Chosen by D. M. Low and Others. *Chatto & Windus*. 21s.

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Wharncliffe

I called a hound what was a sporting dog.
The gamekeeper corrects me, in a tone
Neutral, unstudied. I am in a fog
About such shaggy matters, I must own.

The more surprising, here among the mists
By Thomas Wortley's lodge in Wharncliffe Chase,
To hear the keeper blame the Communists
For the forlorn-ness of this savage place.

Sir Thomas loved the hunt so well, he razed
A township here, to desolate the crag;
Then coursed the deer where once the sheep had grazed,
But died in terror, belling like a stag.

Another story told of this demesne
Is of the victims of a plague, conveyed
To die and lie here, rotting in the rain,
Because their fellow townsmen were afraid.

Yet we feel safe, remote upon the brow
Of this rude hill. If men were ruder then,
Our cultures are more lethal. Let us now
Praise savage landscapes, even savage men.

So for a later Wortley Montagu,
The famous Lady Mary, one could know
No grander prospect. Travelled ladies knew
The ignoble savage, better even so

Than calloused and inoculated heirs,
About all country matters in a fog,
Who only breathed in pestilential airs
And called a hound what was a sporting dog.

So much is plain. And yet, should I withdraw
To these "eternal verities", this crag,
Escaping my Black Death that rolls below,
Might I too not be turned into a stag?

DONALD DAVIE

Darkness at Noon

for Ezra Pound

There was a mirage. We stumbled on this fountain.
Onward we pressed in the sun of destruction
Over dunes of heat that spilled no shade,
Pronouncing secular anathema on creation;
The mad oasis of temptation flowered;
The desert blossomed like a rose,
A pillar of smoke by day and fire by night.
Then the bare road drowned under a glass sand.

No soil is fertile once ice-lava moves.
No archaeologist shall ever grope among
This dry and ribbed aquaria of land,
Where putrescence is enthroned and man
embalmed,
For all such desert breeds is first
Struggle in the cold hell of the will;
Prison in the oven of our thirst;
Irradiation: flies: the lust to kill.

Our past's revised: redeemed perhaps
By the immense horizon of this evil.
Yet, the present is still noon, the shadows long,
The future—only now, and on this level,
Where, chained down; the wound, we thought
healed
Burst open like a river; blind;
We hobble shackled to a shadow
Exploding before us and behind.

Now the atom restores the desert.
Out of the sanction of general terror,
The accepted myth of the time,
The tree of knowledge blossoms into cloud.
High noon is here: all that was certain
Erupting in a wilderness of rock.
What weight can we attach to circumstance?
What way leads out of this dead trackless land?

J. F. HENDRY

Churchill and Myself

My Political Life. Volume III. The Unforgiving Years 1929-1940. By L. S. AMERY. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

Advancing age has no terrors for Mr. Amery. It has neither checked his ready pen nor dimmed his controversial zest. Here he comes with a third volume of his autobiography and briskly contemplating the writing of a fourth. His self-confidence is superb. He is always expecting to be offered the highest office and to save the most critical situation; yet, when this does not happen, he is never discouraged but bustles off to organise yet another "strong committee" or to attend yet another dinner with other influential persons.

He has no doubt who were the two most important figures in England between 1929 and 1940: they were "Churchill and myself." In 1936 "apart from Churchill, I was obviously the person most qualified to undertake the co-ordination of defence." In the autumn of 1939 "I felt myself better qualified, both by study and by experience, for the business of waging war than anyone in active politics except Churchill." In May, 1940, according to Hore-Belisha, Lord Beaverbrook "took the view . . . that I should be Prime Minister as the man who had really turned out the Government and as best qualified all round." Mr. Amery adds: "I discouraged the idea, not because I lacked confidence in myself, for, like Churchill, 'I thought I knew a good deal about it all.'"

The present volume is a further assertion of Mr. Amery's equality. Since Churchill has combined autobiography and history, he will do the same. His own experiences and contemporary records are therefore submerged in a narrative drawn from published sources. The spate of historical evidence has become a curse; for every autobiographer now tells us what was happening in the world instead of what he knew at the time. Sir Winston Churchill can be forgiven anything; but Mr. Amery could have reduced this volume a great deal if he had not been eager to bend the bow of Ulysses. Most of the story is in a very minor key. Mr. Amery was excluded from the "National" Government, at first no doubt as too rigid a Protectionist, and later because his fiery spirit consorted ill with MacDonald, Baldwin and their adherents. Hence he could only criticise, or more occasionally support, from outside. The funniest chapter in the volume describes his unofficial appearance at the Ottawa conference and the terror of the British ministers when faced with a thorough-going Imperialist.

Mr. Amery took an independent line on two great issues of foreign policy: of all Tories he was the most eager to appease Mussolini and the most reluctant to appease Hitler. He still finds much to admire in Fascism and clings to the fantastic notion that the Italian alliance would have been enough to turn the scale against Hitler. More broadly he regarded the League of Nations as an instrument for conciliation, which was certainly the Conservative view in the nineteen-twenties; and he is right in saying that Churchill alone interpreted the League as a fighting alliance to defend the existing territorial settlement. The Labour party, after all, combined advocacy of sanctions and of disarmament almost till the end. Mr. Amery was one of the few Tories who frankly opposed sanctions in the Abyssinian affair of 1935, and he has some discreditable things to tell of the Conservative leaders who paid lip-service to the League. Hoare, for instance, argued "that we might get out by the failure of others to support us or, alternatively, that Mussolini might find his difficulties too great for him. . . . We were committed to the current and perhaps there might not be a Niagara!" Neville Chamberlain held "that we were bound to try out the League of Nations for political reasons at home. . . . If things became too serious the French would run out first, and we could show that we had done our best." Yet Mr. Amery was surprised when, after Munich, Attlee refused to listen to talk of a coalition: "nothing would induce them to look at anything of the sort

so long as Chamberlain was Prime Minister." Mr. Amery commented sadly: "I fear there is no real leadership in him, or, indeed in any of his crowd, except possibly in Morrison."

On Germany Mr. Amery took the opposite line—the first, or at any rate the second of the resisters. Yet his reasoning had not changed: Germany was a danger to the British Empire, Italy was not. Churchill developed high principles in these years; Mr. Amery remained the pugnacious Imperialist he had always been. Hence it was something more than a manoeuvre of "the inner circle" which prevented his becoming Prime Minister in May, 1940. Despite all his practical experience, Mr. Amery has kept too much of the academic in political life. He has been too intellectual, too consistent, to capture the popular imagination; and he has relied too much on dining-clubs. Yet he will have a place in history, and it will be a high one. "Speak for England!" was one of the greatest ejaculations in the history of Parliament (not recorded in Hansard by the way); and his speech of May 7, 1940, deserved Lloyd George's compliment "that in fifty years he had heard few speeches to match it in sustained power and none with so dramatic a climax." That speech brought down the Chamberlain government and ended a disgraceful era in British politics. The man who made it does right to be vain.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A Copper Mine

Elizabethan Copper. By M. B. DONALD. *Pergamon Press.* 60*s.*

England has had its colonial periods. In the Middle Ages it was Italian merchant-houses that often controlled its economy; in the sixteenth century it was Germans, the mining experts of Europe, who guided and financed its first industrial revolution. The most conspicuous German enterprise in England was the mining of copper in Cumberland: an enterprise which led to the formation of the first English joint-stock company for manufacture as distinct from trade, the Company of Mines Royal.

The story began with the enterprise and the necessities of the Rev. Thomas Thurland, Master of the Savoy Hospital, whose private debts, having landed him often in court and sometimes in prison, were only partially met by his secret disposal of hospital property. It was all very scandalous; but what seemed oddest to the two Archbishops, when they looked into the scandal, was the protection which Thurland enjoyed from the Queen and her ministers, Cecil and Leicester. "Truly," Archbishop Parker wrote to Cecil,

> in our opinion, if the Master continue in office, the house cannot long stand. It is almost destroyed already . . . If Master Thurland has deserved well of the Commonwealth (as you seem to signify by your letters) it were good that he should be recompensed *ex publico* and not *ex sanguine pauperum*.

It was not till 1570 that Thurland was deprived of his mastership; not till 1574 that death ended his attempts at restoration.

Why did the Queen, Cecil and Leicester so long support "that spoiler" Thurland, maintaining that he had "deserved well of the Commonwealth"? The answer is that he had other non-clerical irons in the fire. He was an enthusiastic metallurgist, in touch with German financiers and German engineers. In 1564, after three years of prospecting, he and Daniel Höchstetter, representing the Augsburg merchant and finance house of Haug, Langnauer and Linck, had obtained Letters Patent giving them monopoly rights in England; German miners had been imported; the work had gone promisingly forward; and the English government was interested. It was to finance this speculative venture that Thurland had run into debt, forged signatures and robbed the Savoy Hospital. Of the original 24 shares in the enterprise, each valued at £1,200 and entailing unlimited liability, he held 2½ himself. Cecil, Leicester and the Italian financier Benedict Spinola each held two. Eleven were held, in the name of Höchstetter, by the German firm. The Queen's own share was to be a royalty of one-fifteenth of the output, in kind or cash.

Foreign mining companies operating in backward areas inevitably offer a challenge to native ways, and the German engineers soon found themselves in trouble, particularly with the endlessly intermarried local aristocracy. There was Lady Ratclyffe, for instance, mother of the first Earl of Derwentwater, who soaked them for timber and exploited to the full her considerable nuisance-value. "We cannot occupy these mines quietly," the German assistant-governor protested to Cecil, "so long as my Lady has the possession and rule of this town, for she is the cause of all hindrance and unquietness to us." Then there was Richard Lowther, ancestor of the Earls of Lonsdale, "a secret practiser against the company in raising the prices of woods"; and—most troublesome of all—the Earl of Northumberland, who claimed to own the minerals on his estate at Newlands. An Exchequer case taught him otherwise. It also—among other motives—drove him to rebellion and a traitor's death. It also, incidentally and indirectly, awarded to landlords, not the Crown, the ownership of those non-precious minerals, like coal, which proved in the end so much more valuable in England than gold or silver or even copper. But that was in the unforeseen future. In 1567, when the case was decided, all seemed to favour the speculators. Next year the company was incorporated and production and prosperity began.

Alas, the prosperity was short-lived. After three years the disappointments set in. Costs were high; the falling market would not absorb the output; the Queen insisted on her fifteenth in cash, not kind; the shareholders evaded their obligations. By 1574 the firm of Haug and Co. was bankrupt. If the Company of Mines Royal survived, it was because it transferred its interest to Welsh silver and was kept alive—feebly alive—by its subsidiaries. The copper mine in the North had proved, as copper mines proverbially do, a failure.

Mr. Donald is the first to devote a book to this subject. He brings to it engineering knowledge and great industry among documents old and new. Unfortunately his historical understanding and method do not equal his zeal: too often he leaves his reader to wander unguided in a maze of documentation, disorderly in itself and unrelated to any wider historical theme. For why, we may well ask, should an Elizabethan copper mine deserve more study than (say) a dud gold mine in the Rand, which may also involve foreign skill and finance, native disturbance and privileged participation by local politicians? Does such a subject really deserve a book? Mr. Donald gives no reason to suggest that it does.

And yet it does. The sixteenth-century copper boom was an important economic phenomenon. It made a fortune for the Fuggers; it was closely linked with European war production; and it had its part in those monetary movements which made the expansion of Europe possible. Unfortunately the English mines were opened at precisely the wrong moment. Before 1570 they might have prospered like the Central European mines; after 1600 they would have coincided with the great Age of Copper which was to succeed the sixteenth-century Age of Silver. For by 1600 the Spanish Empire had adopted a copper standard, with portentous results. It was with Swedish copper that Gustavus Adolphus built up his robber empire in Northern Europe, with Japanese copper that the Dutch East India Company built up its merchant empire in Eastern Asia. In 1654, when Oliver Cromwell's ambassador took his leave of Queen Christina of Sweden, he chose as his parting present, like the French ambassador before him, a cargo of copper, which his government was glad to snap up for £2,500. How different from the days when Queen Elizabeth had refused to take her fifteenth in copper!

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WARBURG

But by 1654 the English copper mines had failed and been abandoned. The only record of the German *Uitlanders* who had made it lay in deserted shafts, a few technical terms and numerous German surnames still surviving in remote Cumbrian villages or carved on forgotten Cumbrian tombs.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

He, She and It

Elinor Glyn. By ANTHONY GLYN. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Psycho-analysts, digging about in this immensely enjoyable and well written biography of the creator of "It," will soon unearth possible reasons for Mrs. Glyn's heavy bias towards the romantic and highly coloured in her numerous novels.

Repressed in her youth and told that the display of emotion was "servants' behaviour," she was further discouraged by the information that she was ugly. Experience rapidly proved this excitingly false: a young Etonian gave her a peck in Jersey, and on a visit to the Paris Zoo, a Frenchman repeatedly hissed "*Belle Tigresse!*" into her ear. Soon, proposals of marriage came pouring in, from a bibulous and be-walrused peer, a bearded millionaire, and the Duke of Newcastle. She settled for a rich and amiable Essex landowner, Clayton Glyn, who wafted her into the *beau monde* and the country-house life which she was so faithfully to reproduce in those of her books that required accuracy on these points. Mr. Glyn enlivened the Brighton honeymoon by hiring the public baths, in which the green-eyed bride swam slowly up and down, concealed by nothing but her long, red hair.

With that gesture, Mr. Glyn's romantic bolt was shot, but other, virtuous admirers were not lacking. There was Major Seymour Wynne Finch, in a Paisley shawl smoking suit, and Prince Gritzo Wittgenstein, who clasped her so close in a waltz that his Cossack cross-belts left red weals on her exposed portions. Lord Milner read Plato to her on terraces, and Lord Curzon did the same with Aristotle. With Lord Alastair Innes-Ker she admired the palace of Versailles ("Gosh! What a lot of lightning conductors!"), and there was a Mr. Van Allen, with whom the Glyns and their maid, Williams, made the best of crowded accommodation in Naples:

> Williams was appalled at the presumption of sharing a bed with her mistress and slept on the very edge. Clayton and Mr. Van Allen undressed with difficulty behind a small screen. It was a disturbed night. The valet sat bolt upright on a small gilt chair, his mouth wide open, snoring hard, while his master occasionally shouted at him. At intervals Williams fell out of bed. The lamplight poured into the room through the Venetian blinds and when Elinor sat up in bed to get a breath of air, she noticed Mr. Van Allen, propped up on one elbow, staring at her, murmuring, "God! What a form!"

Clayton's comment next day was characteristic: "Old fool! Bothering about women when we were all so tired."

But whatever romance was missing in her home life, Mrs. Glyn made up for on the printed page. Her heroines had the knack of marrying well, hooking, between them, two dukes, a marquis and an earl, three barons, five baronets, a Scottish laird and a sprinkling of titled foreign fry. Their names were on the unusual side: Zara Shulski, Morella Winmarleigh, Guinevere Bohun, Ethelrida Montfichet, Halcyone La Sarthe, Sabine Delburg, Vanessa St. Austell. Unusual, too, was their behaviour:

> They were sitting on the tiger by now, and she undulated round and all over him, feeling his coat, and his face, and his hair, as a blind person might, till at last it seemed as if she were twined about him like a serpent.

The tiger was a skinned one, and the book is *Three Weeks*, the writing of which, in 1906, caused little difficulty ("It seemed as though some spirit from beyond was guiding me"). Reviewers were in little doubt whence the spirit came and publication caused a rumpus: "A mawkish display of sickly sentimentalism"; "Lack of delicacy and refinement." However, appreciative letters came from Australian bushmen, Klondike miners and Roman Catholic priests, and Lords Curzon and Milner sent tiger-skins. The sales of this book alone went into millions, which was satisfactory, Mr. Glyn having been living on capital, and his wife, without complaint, now finding herself supporting the whole family.

Mr. Anthony Glyn, the subject's grandson, has produced a quite admirable book—factual, fascinating and extremely amusing. Good things abound. Mrs. Glyn's beauty was bolstered by "the secret treatment of El Zair" scrubbing the face with a dry nailbrush, and sleeping with her feet to the magnetic north ("pure common sense"). She visited Mrs. Vanderbilt, to find her knee-deep in footmen and with the *pots-de-chambre* tastefully concealed by lace covers. She had a novel way with Income Tax demands: "she tended to ignore them, vaguely thinking them unjust."

Where, on her particular literary ladder, should Elinor Glyn be placed? Perhaps level with Marie Corelli, with Ouida a rung or two below, and Ethel M. Dell gamely beginning the ascent. Of her own abilities and worth, Mrs. Glyn took a modest view. Speaking, in 1931, at an International P.E.N. congress in Budapest, she said:

> I write about rich environments, and lovely women and handsome men and perfect love, and a lot about beautiful babies for those who can never have any. It isn't a bit clever, but people do seem to like it.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

Revolution in China

China Phoenix. By PETER TOWNSEND. *Cape.* 25*s.*

In Two Chinas. Memoirs of a Diplomat. By K. M. PANIKKAR. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Chinese Revolution did not take place because the misery of the common people was more terrible than usual in 1949. No one can say whether it was worse to be a landless peasant in the last days of Chiang Kai-shek or during the long murderous chaos of the Taiping rebellion. The mass of the Chinese people have always been fantastically exploited by landlords, mandarins, gangsters, money-lenders, secret societies and foreigners. One can get an inkling of what their poverty meant by examples. Peter Townsend tells the story of a woman who could only find a job as a wet-nurse, provided she got rid of her own baby. She sat on the pavement, trying to sell it, but finally had to bribe a beggar to look after it. The employer then agreed to her keeping her child, but it was found dead in a garbage bin. An English-language paper headed this story "Mother Catchee Job, Loses Baby." Poverty could also mean the selling of one's daughters to the landlord and the acceptance of any physical humiliation he might enjoy inflicting. Mr. Townsend, who lived on terms of intimacy with the Chinese people for ten years, records such things soberly and with little comment; his book is not mainly about them. But they are an important background to the revolution.

The reader will also, incidentally, learn why the revolution succeeded in 1949, while earlier attempts failed. The Japanese invasions had revived Chinese patriotism, Western ideas had penetrated the educated classes, civil war, corruption, and oppression were more effective in arousing opposition than ever before, because, for the first time, they affected the whole country simultaneously. Most important of all, the revolution was this time led by men who had a doctrine and a plan, and who were both courageous and honest. Even so, it is not certain that they would have won if American support of the

Kuomintang had not passed to the Communists the leadership of national consciousness.

Peter Townsend went to China in 1941 with the Friends Ambulance Unit, and as inspector for the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives travelled throughout the country. For the most part he reports only what he himself saw. In summarising at the end of the book the story of Mao's suppression of counter-revolution, he divides those who were executed into five categories of traitors, spies, bandits, secret society gangsters and "local emperors," and he gives examples of all types. He does not deny that there may have been excesses, but he says perhaps too little about them, just as I think he underestimates the mental bullying often involved in the "brain-washing" of intellectuals. But he might have forestalled some of his critics effectively if he had posed a simple question. Kuomintang and American propaganda openly announced a coming invasion of Southern China from Formosa. Was Mao Tse-tung wrong in forestalling this attempt, and preventing a renewal of civil war? No doubt many were killed who could have been merely disarmed or imprisoned, but to me it seems hypocritical for those who automatically assume that established governments are justified in suppressing revolutionary risings to denounce him for defending the security of his very necessary revolution. Western liberals have often forgotten that established governments are usually based on successful revolutions and civil wars. Where Mr. Townsend may be criticised more reasonably is in failing to deal adequately with the two main questions that trouble sympathetic Westerners. The first is the extent to which the State is making itself a dictator over the minds of the Chinese people, and the second is whether the Chinese revolution, like so many other revolutions, is likely to spread its doctrines over neighbouring territories by means that are not compatible with co-existence. But Mr. Townsend may fairly reply that his book is a report, not a speculation about the future.

Sardar Panikkar witnessed the Chinese revolution from a very different angle. He was appointed Indian Ambassador to Peking in 1948 and expected when he arrived to be engaged mainly in gathering information, conveying messages and reporting to his Prime Minister. Things worked very differently. In the absence of Western Ambassadors in Peking, he became, during the Korean war, the most important channel of information connecting the Communists and the Western world. Much of this story is, of course, still secret. But he tells us how he was fetched from his bed in the middle of the night to be informed by Chou En-lai that if MacArthur invaded North Korea, China would intervene in the war, and he describes how he telegraphed *en clair* to the United Nations at Lake Success Peking's substantial acceptance of terms which the State Department had already informed the United Nations had been contemptuously rejected.

There is much else of great interest in Sardar Panikkar's book, apart from these diplomatic disclosures. A brilliant intellectual and for long chief administrator of a great Indian State, he is also the author of the first important history of Western Imperialism told from an Asian point of view. He does not disguise his satisfaction in his own achievements, one of the most remarkable being that during the bizarre months in which all the foreign embassies were kindly but firmly deprived of their diplomatic status and confined to the Legation quarter, he occupied his time learning Chinese in the mornings, writing a book in the afternoons and translating Indian literature into Malayalam in the evenings. If Sardar Panikkar is seldom accused of excessive modesty, it may be said that he has not much to be modest about. Certainly few Ambassadors have learnt so much about the country in which they were stationed in a period of two years. He travelled widely, even visiting Yenan long after it had ceased to be the headquarters of Communism. Though he is careful not to enter into controversy he confirms precisely Mr. Townsend's account of the treachery and cruelty of Chiang Kai-shek, even to those who had spared his life and to whom he had promised an amnesty. He describes, too, a dinner-party at the Generalissimo's house at which Madame Chiang was called away by telephone to be told that her nephew had been discovered to be one of the centres of corruption in Shanghai. Her informant was her stepson, who had been appointed to clean up the city. The next morning Madame Chiang took a plane to Shanghai, prevented any interference with her nephew's disgraceful activities and thereby, says Panikkar, ended any hope there was of suppressing corruption and so saving China's new currency from the inflation which finally gave the Communists their chance.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Problem Critic

The Opposing Self. By LIONEL TRILLING. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

Professor Trilling's new volume of essays is disappointing. It is far above the standards of most modern criticism, but far below those he himself set in his first collection, *The Liberal Imagination*. There, perhaps, some of the authority and sense of purpose came from the partiality of the writer: his view of literature was resolutely contemporary, but, equally resolutely, it was a view of literature. *The Opposing Self* largely uses literature to talk of other things; above all, of the failings and strengths of twentieth-century values. It is as though Professor Trilling had elevated the prejudices of his earlier book into a critical method: he moralises, he broods, he is prolix. For all his seriousness and detail, the particularity of the works of art seems to elude him.

The essays in this volume are connected only tenuously. They were written, as the author points out, on occasions and even on books that were not of his choosing. Yet with one exception his authors are all of the nineteenth century, and, very loosely, his theme is the irritation that grew at that time between the self and society, between the individual and indignant perception and accepted, dulling convention. He avoids making too much of this; his title is resonant rather than definitive. But so too is his method. He moves constantly away from the artist and towards the generalisation, towards the moral for our time.

Professor Trilling's technique has not changed since *The Liberal Imagination*, but it has coarsened. Writing of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* he suggests that "we suppose criticism to be characterised by the intention to correct and reform." Certainly, his is and always has been. But once the correction was less obvious. It was a matter of adjusting with subtlety and precision to the artist's vision; the conclusions Professor Trilling drew he worked for. Now he is frankly didactic, and, I think, uneasily so. He seems to value a writer chiefly by the degree to which he is contemporary: Wordsworth's figures are like "Dreiser's Jennie Gerhardt . . . Hemingway's waiters . . . Faulkner's Negroes . . . and Faulkner's idiot boys"; Jane Austen has "a great deal to say about the modern personality"; a pupil calls Orwell "virtuous" and Professor Trilling meditates: "It was an odd statement for a young man to make nowadays, and I suppose that what we found so interesting about it was just this oddity—its point was in its being an old-fashioned thing to say." But this is so self-conscious. Literature is justified by its own excellence, not by our immediate worries. Rather, it puts them in perspective. It seems to me that by trying always to peer beyond, Professor Trilling delineates neither figures nor backcloth. The whole scene becomes blurred.

His preoccupations, of course, are not in question. But we must judge a critic by the judgments he makes. And it is here that the Professor seems to falter most: he is "dazzled" by six lines of Wordsworthian self-parody; he writes subtly and illuminatingly of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* with-

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out giving any clear sign that the book, compared with *Madame Bovary* or *Un Coeur Simple*, is a gigantic labour of death; he says of *Anna Karenina* that "criticism, so far as it is specifically literary criticism, must lay down arms before this novel," and he does so in 10 pages; yet he spends almost 30 on William Dean Howells. The controlling strength of *The Liberal Imagination*, his lucid sense of what might be called "cultural order," has gone. It seems as though works are no longer better than one another; they are just more or less useful.

Perhaps that is why Professor Trilling turns so frequently to the critical device, the "angle" which compels less by its rightness than its novelty. For example, all that Wordsworth has in common with the Rabbis are certain large generalities of moral discipline: "the passionate contemplation and experience of the great object which is proximate to the Deity," dutiful humbleness, "aquiescence in the anomalies of the moral order." To me these qualities seem too vague and too common to make the parallel worth drawing in such detail. More important still, they are abstractions from the verse itself. Humbleness and aquiescence in Wordsworth are presented and judged; he takes his action in the writing. Professor Trilling will hardly allow that to speak for itself.

The best essays in *The Opposing Self* are those in which the *literary quality* of the work matters least. Professor Trilling writes brilliantly on the wholeness and gusto and openness of Keats's imagination as he gradually revealed it in his letters, and, *à propos* of Orwell, on the difficulties of being political. But many of the other essays, for all their intelligence and human understanding, seem not so much criticism as meditations on literary themes and contemporary problems.

A. ALVAREZ

Detection and Crime

The Beckoning Lady. By MARGERY ALLINGHAM. *Chatto & Windus.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Enough To Kill a Horse. By ELIZABETH FERRARS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Tour de Force. By CHRISTIANNA BRAND. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Man Who Didn't Fly. By MARGOT BENNETT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Long Shadows. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Cake in the Hat Box. By ARTHUR UPFIELD. *Heinemann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Maigret and the Young Girl. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Death of a Godmother. By JOHN RHODE. *Geoffrey Blés.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Man in the Middle. By DAVID WAGONER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Margin of Terror. By WILLIAM MCGIVERN. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Danger Ahead. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The somnolent English village produces a hundred times as many murders in fiction as it does in reality. Lady novelists seem to be particularly well suited by the bucolic background, which allows them to give free rein to their imagination concerning yokels, village pubs, decadent aristocrats and eccentric middle classes who notoriously congregate there. In *The Beckoning Lady* Miss Allingham's imagination runs riot. So many remarkable characters are engaged in so many varied activities that it becomes difficult to remember that not far away there lies a body in a ditch awaiting discovery. Hopes rise when a dog at last sniffs out the corpse. But these Suffolk gentry are far too busy with their own affairs to pay proper attention, and the poor little detective plot fizzles to a petty solution, submerged by the tearing high spirits of Albert Campion, his wife, Lugg and Chief Inspector Luke.

In Miss Ferrars's village, life moves at a slower tempo, but death there is more invigorating. Who poisoned the lobster patties with such a strange mixture of ingredients and who was meant to die-of them? A classical type of inquiry which might have rejoiced Sherlock Holmes, had it been rigidly defined. An old enemy, however, in the form of coincidence, spoils the unity of the problem; and, without Holmes or indeed a detective of any sort to guide us, readers are left to squint around the oddly assorted company for a shifty look on a face. In fact, Miss Ferrars has bitten off rather more than she can chew in *Enough To Kill a Horse*. A most promising plot, revolving round an excellent choice of characters, proves to be insoluble without a second murder (which gives the whole show away) topped by an obliging murderer's confession.

Tour de Force very nearly lives up to its title. Miss Brand hopes to make glorious suckers out of us by inviting us to swallow one total impossibility wrapped up in the most plausible trimmings. Even Mrs. Christie at her most outrageous never tried to pull such a fast one! Otherwise the book is as exciting, vivid and hilarious as one could wish. It would be unprofitable to dilate on the plot. One of a party of tourists to a Mediterranean island loses her life in *very curious* circumstances. The subsequent investigation by the comic opera police may be found more tediously facetious than some readers can stomach; but anyone who does not mind harbouring a little just resentment over the solution will be delighted with the brilliance of *Tour de Force*.

Comic interludes are often welcome to break up the stodginess of detection, yet persistent humour seems to atrophy all desire for deduction. *The Man Who Didn't Fly* must be read for its amusing characters and their endless repartee, or not at all. Two music hall detectives wander through England trying to work out a childish riddle. Four men charter an aeroplane. Three men were killed when it crashed, but cannot be identified. Who missed the bus? The funny policemen proceed by addition, finding out first one man and then another who must have gone abroad. The serious reader, who works by subtraction, will spot the minus quantity in a jiffy and be twiddling his thumbs for the rest of the book.

Miss Cannan writes at a more leisurely pace than any of the previous ladies. There are no fireworks in *Long Shadows*, where a young publisher's married life in Chelsea becomes disrupted by the murder of a blonde whom he has been surreptitiously dating. Under the stress of detection Chelsea comes out with credit. Indeed, so sympathetic are its inhabitants that Miss Cannan's ingenious little plot soon becomes rather transparent. The shadow of the gallows clearly does not hang over any of those cultured heads; so look for a motive that will make everyone happy and the rest is easy.

Mr. Upfield's half-caste Australian detective, "Bony," solves his cases by taking a long, deep look into human nature. In *Cake in the Hat Box* he also takes a long, deep look into that hat-box and I advise you to do so too. The scene is the North-West segment of Australia where cattle ranchers share the wide, open spaces with the local aborigines. A white policeman has been shot and his native tracker has vanished when Bony takes up the case—an easy one by Mr. Upfield's standards, if not by ours. But the black aborigines have a quicker method of detection than long, deep looks: they just hang bodies on platforms and watch which way the fat drips. I like both methods myself.

Maigret, the leading exponent of the long, deep look, is faced with unpromising material when an unknown girl is found with her head bashed in on a pavement in Montmartre. As there is no one else to look at, Maigret concentrates his gaze on the girl, unravels her past, and deduces the only possible reason for killing her. *Maigret and the Young Girl* is not vintage Simenon but a palatable *vin ordinaire*; only readers must be warned that there is no more than a tumblerful,

which will not slake their thirst for detection for more than a couple of hours at most.

Inspector Jimmy Waghorn carries on in the slogging, leave-no-loophole tradition of that splendid old-timer, Inspector French. Naturally no stone is left unturned in *Death of a Godmother* before the hands that strangled the horrid old woman crawl to light. There is no problem for the reader with this cautious procedure: all he can do is to tag along behind Waghorn, peer over his shoulder, and raise an eyebrow at the solution. For Mr. Rhode spoils the virtue of his realistic crime with a sadly inadequate motive. We might all be strangled in our beds if that sort of thing is to be allowed.

The thrillers must be dealt with summarily in spite of their considerable merits. *The Man in the Middle* describes a man-hunt in Chicago, where politicians and police are notoriously venal. An unfortunate crippled railwayman witnesses the murder of a girl and spends two hideous days dodging the killers. Mr. Wagoner squeezes every conceivable drop of agony out of his plight.

In *Margin of Terror* Mr. McGivern sets out to rack our nerves over an Iron Curtain gang of kidnappers in Italy. The slick style rattles along impressively, but the plot hardly carries conviction. One loses patience with a hero who wants to save humanity single-handed.

In the other direction. Simenon has crossed the Atlantic with impunity: in the two stories in *Danger Ahead* he handles the restless idiom, the morbid psychology and the sentimental overtones of American thriller-writers with an air of complete familiarity. In *Red Lights* addiction to hard liquor leads a man to become an accessory to his own wife's rape: *The Watchmaker of Everton* has to hound down his own son for murder, the delinquent outcome of a broken home. Simenon evidently intends to show no mercy to the chronic defects of his adopted country.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Shorter Reviews

The Slave of Life. By M. D. H. PARKER. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

This is an erudite, candid and well-written book advancing the thesis that Shakespeare's plays everywhere attest an exact Roman Catholic orthodoxy. The *Nichomachean Ethics*, the *Summa Theologiæ* and the *Summa Contra Gentiles* are the only works mentioned in the "Notes on Footnote References"; and in her preface Miss Parker leaves us in no doubt of her point of view. It has been her wish "to find whether, in his system of values, Shakespeare, who stood on the threshold of the modern era, was with the continuous tradition behind him or with Bacon and Montaigne."

Whether or not Shakespeare was brought up in a circle of Catholic recusants, and whether or not he deliberately chose St. Augustine and St. Thomas for line and plummet, it is certainly true that in his theatre he exhibits a system of life largely if uncertainly based upon submerged medieval foundations. These deserve exploration. But a submarine terrain is tricky, and does not favour a confident march. This appears in Miss Parker's dealings with *The Tempest*. What is Prospero? Many have answered "Providence." Miss Parker prefers to describe him as "the man who played God," and she finds the action which he controls to be a complex of crossing and interacting allegories sheerly Christian at their cores. But whatever allegorical function Prospero may have, he is in fact a magician. His studies have given him command of *magia divina*; he can call to him the *mundana numina*, potent spirits of whom orthodox Christianity takes no account; his principal servant is clearly one of the *aëreos daemones* known to Trismegistus and Agrippa. To neglect this is to distort the play by ignoring the reflection in it of an important intellectual preoccupation of the time. For high magic, as Professor C. S. Lewis has lately shown, had been revived and made to seem an immediate possibility. *The Tempest* when first produced, was as up to date as a Priestley time-play. Christian assumptions do largely inform it; but it seems to represent too free an imaginative assimilation of diverse contemporary interests to be at all apt for dogmatic interpretation.

The End of the Line. By BRYAN MORGAN. *Cleaver-Hume Press.* 25*s.*

Steam trains have all the easy appeal to the British people of spaniel dogs. Big, bumbling, kindly, a fuddy-duddy with good intentions, the puffer taps unfalteringly our vein of inexhaustible sentimentality. But, extraordinarily, continental zeal for trains bids fair to surpass our diffident, silent hero-worship. This agreeable, if surprising, spread of culture is fully explained in Mr. Bryan Morgan's interesting book on light railways. For he demonstrates, ably and discursively, that in the matter of railway oddities, folk-lore, and myth, those countries over the water have little to learn from the old country. The author is very much a purist: steam trains and the eccentricities of the light railway are what delight him. No hardship is too great, no wait too protracted, no connection too esoteric, for Mr. Morgan not to be enraptured. With small-boy enthusiasm he explores the desert and quagmires (where the unwary can be bogged for weeks) throughout Europe that were once useful local services. In this way he gets under the skin of the country as his 4-6-0—whatever *that* may be—plunges into forests or prinks along the fringe of a lovely French river. The book is a delight, the photographs superbly pictorial; all that is lacking is an index. An apology for its absence is insufficient as a substitute.

Bottoms Up. By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Well now, where were we. . . . Oh, yes, this new book of mine. Well! It's just really a little bit of this and, as they say, that! Pieces about backstage with Father, who was quite a celebrity, you know, and another about where to look when you're going up in a lift with someone you don't know, which my agent thought hilariously funny when I read it him . . . and a digression on Paris, which, of course, I love . . . and that brought to mind a piece I once thought of sending to the *New Yorker* about how Americans behave abroad; and a little piece on how I'm a sucker for a good cry at the theatre too, ending up with a speech I recently had occasion to deliver—I'm sure that's the right word—to a convention of gynæcologists. I've managed to bring in several little jokes like 'more willy than nilly,' 'thank your lucky stars and stripes' and 'you can lead a horse to Cornelia but you cannot make her think' . . . and one crack about '*homo* not so *sapiens*' I've slipped in twice. I think writing ought to be a sort of conversation, one-sided, of course, which somehow just goes on and on. . . . Which brings to mind the fact that I find three dots very helpful, too—so suggestive—and used in the quantities I use them in they just do fill up space . . . and Alajálov, who designed that menu card we admired so much, has done some suitably casual drawings."

Week-end Competition

No. 1,329

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The astrological forecasts in the popular newspapers are usually directed toward the plain man. Competitors are invited, instead, to augur a week in the life of a highbrow. Entries by 23rd August.

Result of No. 1,326

Set by Hilbrian

Everyone knows the nature rhyme about the cuckoo, beginning "In April come I will" and ending "In August go I must." The usual prizes are offered for rhymes (limit, 12 lines) on the habits and character of any one of the following: sparrow, owl, domestic hen, pigeon, turkey, swallow, nightingale.

Report

Taking the entrants as a cross-section of the public, a kind of Gallup poll, I find that this competition has certainly established one fact—the popularity of the domestic hen. That unamiable and idiotic fowl can preen herself on handsomely beating all her feathered rivals, even the London pigeon with its sentimental appeal. Only A. Selwood ventured on a short swallow-flight of song:

> We have swallows
> I must state—
> It's the eavesdroppings
> That I hate.

Owl-fanciers and nightingale-lovers were almost equally few; among the former, Nancy Gunter exercised considerable ingenuity in dove-tailing together (or does that suggest a confusion of birds?) half a dozen references to Pallas Athene's fowl from the work of "poets of other days."

D. W. Barker's nightingale also had mixed with the famous:—

> I considered myself a lucky fellow
> When I was hired to accompany Miss
> Harrison's 'cello.

Pigeons evoked coos of affection on the whole, but the sparrow's habits came in for rough handing. H. A. C. Evans called him

> . . . the bully of the lawn
> Squabbling loud from early dawn.

and Allan M. Laing accused him of even worse things:—

> With morals I'm not blest:
> I often steal a nest.

Mention of stealing reminds me again of the way in which the hen stole the show, establishing herself as an endearing, if absurd "character" like a comic char in a farce. Take Jo John's grumbling fowl:—

> I'm living high, I can't deny—deep litter, mash and flattery;
> They never beat me—no assault—but oh my God, the battery!

COLLET'S

Your holiday reading

Here are two small books of fiction recently arrived from China that are delightful to read—and easy to slip in your pocket or suitcase.

A NEW HOME is a collection of seven short stories by contemporary Chinese writers who describe in simple and moving language the lives of the people o New China.

Price 2s. Post 6d.

★

The novel **LIVING HELL**, set in Newstream, a small market town in northern Kiangsu Province, describes the people's victory against the big Kuomintang offensive in 1946.

Price 2s. Post 4d.

From any good bookseller or

COLLET'S CHINESE BOOKSHOP

Dept. D, 40 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

I am dividing the prize money equally between the six entrants printed below. Runners-up: Cyril Hare, Nancy Gunter and Allan M. Laing.

THE HEN

You know the hen? She has two legs
And very frequently lays eggs.
She does her laying now and then,
No one can say exactly when.
To be statistical, she'll lay
About .89 eggs per day.
And should you use electric light
You'll find she'll also lay by night.
In fact she'll average—so it's reckoned—
.0001 eggs per second.
So let us thank the fertile hen
For her benevolence to men.

A. M. SAYERS

It is not generally known
But cannot be contested,
That every species, strain or stock,
The White Leghorn, The Plymouth Rock,
The Wyandotte, the Fighting Cock,
Is wingless and unbreasted.

Please put my statement to the test,
I do not speak at random.
Dine in a train—North, South, East, West—
Order a slice of chicken breast,
You'll get a drumstick, nicely dressed,
Quod erat demonstrandum.

LEONARD COOPER

THE TURKEY

I'm safe for at least a
Nine month's truce at Easter.
My wife never sits on
Her eggs after Whitsun.
Up goes cost of living
After Harvest Thanksgiving.
I tend to inflation
At Luke's celebration.
I precede the bismuth
At every Chrismuth.

JOYCE JOHNSON

THE PIGEON

My home is in Trafalgar Square,
I like to spot the people there.
And when the London season comes,
I know there'll be no dearth of crumbs.
My mode of living, so to speak,
Is chiefly then from hand to beak.
I strut around Lord Nelson's Column,
My air is proud, my eye is solemn.
I decorate the north side Gallery
With colours grey and white and yallery.
Brought up among sight-seers, who
Gaze upwards, all I say is—" COO! "

"ELSPETH"

Where is his brood?
High in the wood.
What soothes his slumbers?
Safety in numbers.
What does he eat?
Oats, barley, wheat.
When does he stop?
Bursting his crop.
Tell me his creed.
" All is in seed."
And his religion?
Pigeon.

HAZEL ARCHARD

THE NIGHTINGALE

When April greens the grove I come,
Full-throated, to my summer home.
In May my liquid trill and shake
Bid music-lovers lie awake.
Nor is my song the night's alone:
High noon may chime with my sweet tone.
In June my brood is hatched, and then
I charm no more the ears of men.
And in July my song will be
An echo caught by memory.

G. J. BLUNDELL

The Chess Board

No. 306 Borrowed Plumage

It is 225 years to the very day since Alexander Cunningham died, ripe in years and wisdom. He was a scholar and a disciple of Leibnitz, the philosopher who considered him to have no equal at Chess. Cunningham spent much of his life at The Hague but he left a sizeable estate in his native Scotland. Oddly enough, his name is immortalised in the annals of Chess, for ever linked with one of the more enterprising defences of the King's Gambit. But he had very little to do with it, for it was first played by Greco before him, and it was first analysed by Stamma after him: and even more thoroughly by Bertin who took many a *cent sous*-piece and many a *Louis d'Or* from Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and other suckers at the chess tables of the Café de la Régence.

The " Cunningham Defence " was very popular in the first half of the last century (which is no reason why we shouldn't try it out again if only someone had the guts to play the K-Gambit these days). Here is how Mongrédien triumphantly upheld the defence against Spreckley at Liverpool, 1846.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(9) Q-Q1	Kt-Kt5
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(10) Q-Q2	Kt-K6 ch
(3) Kt-KB3	B-K2	(11) K-Kt1	Kt-B6 ch!
(4) B-B4	B-R5 ch	(12) P x Kt	Q-Kt4 ch
(5) Kt x B?	Q x Kt ch	(13) K-B2	Q-Kt7 ch
(6) K-B1	Kt-KB3	(14) K-K1	Q x R ch
(7) Q-B3	Kt-B3	(15) K-K2	Q-B8 mate
(8) P-Q3	Kt-Q5		

But let us see how properly to defeat the defence by taking a more daring line. Here is how von der Lasa (co-author of Bilguer's famous *Handbuch*) trounced von Jaenisch just about 100 years ago.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(11) R-B8 ch	K-K2
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(12) P-Q4	Q x B?
(3) Kt-KB3	B-K2	(13) Q-K8 ch	K-Q3
(4) B-B4	B-R5 ch	(14) Q x KB ch	K-B3
(5) P-Kt3	P x P	(15) Kt-R3	P-Q3
(6) O-O	P x P ch	(16) P-Q5 ch	K-B4
(7) K-R1	B-B3	(17) B-K3 ch	K-Kt5
(8) Kt-K5	B x Kt	(18) P-B3 ch	K-R5
(9) Q-R5	Q-K2	(19) P-Kt3 ch	K x Kt
(10) R x P	Q-B4	(20) B-B1 mate	

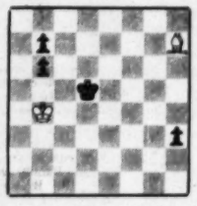
Very well then: now back to the Q-Gambit Declined, the K-Indian, and the Sicilian!

A: S. Tartakower 1928

The 4-pointer for beginners is an instructive game position in which Black played Kt-KKt5. White countered B x B and was forced to resign next move. How? **B** and **C** are both draws, and while **B** should be overrated at 6 ladder-points **C** at 7 is hardly a bargain.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 22.

B: P. Larsen



C: S. Issenegger

REPORT ON COMPETITION

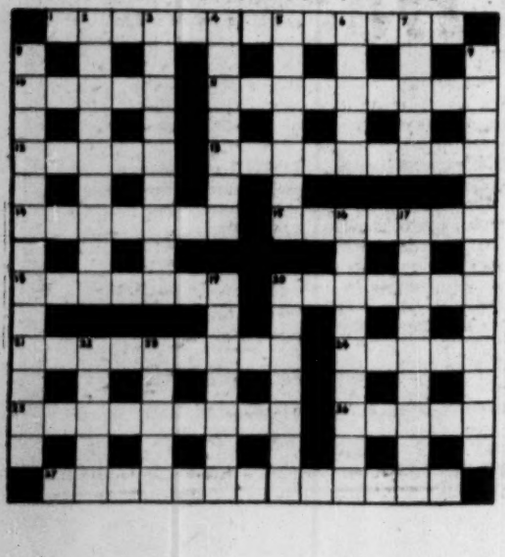
No. 303. Set July 23

A: (1) KtxP, KtxKtP, (2) Kt-Kt4!.
B: (1) Q-KKt6 ch, K-R5, (2) K-Kt2, P-B3, (3) K-Kt1, P-Kt7, (4) Kt-K6, P-B4, (5) Kt-K5, P-B5, (6) B-Q2, P-B6, (7) B-Kt5 ch, K-Kt6, (8) Kt-KB4, P-B7, (9) Q-QKt6, P—B, (10) Q-K3 ch, BxQ mate.
If (9) . . . P—Kt, (10) Kt-K2 ch, KtxKt mate.
C: (1) Kt-B5 ch, K-B5, (2) P-R7, B-QKt7, (3) P-Q7, BxP ch, (4) KtxB, B-R1, (5) K-K6, K-Q5, (6) Kt-B6, K-B4, (7) Kt-R5, K-B3, (8) K-B7, K-Q2, (9) K-B8!, K-Q1, (10) Kt-B4, K-Q2, (11) K-Kt8, K-K1, (12) Kt-K6(R5), K-K2, (13) Kt-Kt7, etc.
(1) P-R7 only draws, and so does (9) K-Kt8?, K-K1! If (8) . . . K-Q3, (9) K-Kt8 K-K2, (10) Kt-Kt7 [or (9) . . . K-K3, (10) Kt-B4 ch, etc.].

Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, C. H. Brown, E. Giles. Quite a few other correct or near-correct solutions. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 165

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 165, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 23.



ACROSS

1. The game to put a stop to cheating (6, 7).
10. Approaches in the fine Arsenal style (5).
11. Her escort may become Jane's husband (9).
12. " We have done but greenly In hugger-mugger to —— him " (*Hamlet*) (5).
13. It is touch for me in idleness injured (9).
14. Surrey collapse being behind the north in coaching facilities (7).
15. Concerning love for a mother taking precedence over the party member (7).
18. Permanent waved? (7).
20. Favour is destroyed in street love (7).
21. Errors in type are the result when I hurry in manuscript (9).
24. The religious instructor was converted just before the mission started (5).
25. In the act with two suits only? (9).
26. He was bound to turn constantly (5).
27. Doing chores, or maybe she was hiding with a shilling (7, 6).

DOWN

2. Divided up and accommodated (9).
3. The sucker is away round the world (9).
4. Instruments with which you are put up for a constituency (7).
5. There is an air about a vulgar person in a place of rustic charm (7).
6. " To offer war where they should —— for peace" (*The Taming of the Shrew*) (5).
7. Atlas, for one, has it in a brown colour (5).
8. These are fine times for those who count in the Commonwealth (6, 7).
9. Nearby priests converted into Nonconformists (13).
16. A couple of fools in society are murderers (9).
17. Banish in a potty way (9).
19. Demand money from the editor in a N.Z. town (7).
20. Lived for a team in Arsenal colours (7).
22. Cricket writer loses his head and turns up as a low caste Hindu (5).
23. Stretch of water in an area charted by the Admiralty (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 163

M	A	C	A	W	S		C	H	A	D	B	A	N	D
A		A		I			O		E		L		O	
L	A	T	E	N	T		T	R	E	M	B	L	E	D
L		U		S		A		N		E		E		O
E	L	L	I	O	T	S		O	C	T	A	G	O	N
C		L		M		S		F		E		E		A
H	O	U	S	E	K	E	E	P	E	R	S			
O		S			M		L				S		A	
			D	O	U	B	L	E	D	E	K	E	R	
I		C		S		L		N		R		I		S
D	A	H	O	M	E	Y		T	R	A	I	N	E	E
E		O		A		L		Y		S		D		N
A	T	L	A	N	T	I	C		A	M	O	E	B	A
L		E		L		N			U		E		L	
S	A	R	D	I	N	E	S		A	S	O	P	U	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 163

H. J. Walls (Bristol 8), L. E. Willcox (Hove), T. W. Wallace (Gullane).

PERSONAL

LADY teacher French, English, German, sks. post for 2½ months London as companion to young girl, lady or couple. No care of children. Au pair, free time. Willing travel. First-class refs. Write Mlle. Jeanne Kramers, 6 Rue Titon, Paris (11e).

AU Pair. English family in country village 26 miles London need girl to help with three young children from mid-Sept. for one year. Little housework, pocket money, London accessible. Box 8954.

BALLET Dancer, Irish girl, 4 yrs. exp. teaching chldrn.'s ballet classes, desires pt./tm. post London or Bournemouth, Sept. while studying for dancing exams. Board, lodging, sml. sal. Wd. care chldrn. Intd. in animals, floral dec., Theatre. Box 8978.

PARIS centre. Lady sublets to English lady bedroom & bathroom, ckg. facils. No bed-linen. Rent £10 p. month payable advance, 6 months £60, thereafter monthly. Expenses, elec., central heating shared. Suit student/employee. Refs. exchgd. Write Mlle. Jeanne Kramers, 6 Rue Titon, Paris (11e).

TWO seats vac. to Riviera Aug. 26 ev./ Sept. 11. Share expns. Box 9103.

2 SEATS wanted Medit., pref. Spain Aug. 27/Sept. 17. Share exp. Box 9069.

YNG. man wants seat in car Aug. to Continent. Sh. exps. E. Berg, GER. 9582.

KEEN young man wishes to join Amateur Drama Coy., London. Box 9113.

BACHELOR (30) seeks sest in car, Marseilles direction. W/e. Sept. 2/4. Share expenses. Box 9010.

YNG. baritone singer sks. prof. piano accompanist either sex Lond. Box 8981.

2 SEATS available car going S. France, Sept. 3-17. Share exps. SNA. 2456.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FRENCH boy, 15, paying guest, middle-class family, boy same age, London Home Counties pref., appr. 1 year. Box 9027.

BACHELOR (31) seeks companion (m.) for easy-going Cont. holiday. 15 days mid-Sept. Suggestions to BM/DKLX, W.C.1.

ROMANY Caravan. Reconditioned and freshly painted in bright traditional colours. Ideal for travelling or charming spare rm. £80. Norton, Valley Rd. River, Dover.

READING and writing circle, verse and lit. criticism, Hampstead, few sincerely interested people welcome. Box 8896.

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

CHILDREN'S Holidays with riding, at Parndon Hall, Harlow, have proved immensely popular; 10 ponies with resident instructress, tennis court, extensive grounds; fully booked Aug., but vacancies Sept. 1-24. Apply Sec. for brochure. Harlow 24511.

CONTINENTAL Holiday wear in the Vince style. Shirts, shorts, jeans, swim wear, etc. Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Poubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Send for new 1955 illus. catalogue. Open 7 p.m. Thurs., and 3 p.m. Sats.

INCREASE height 2in with Men's Bildup shoes. 79s. 6d. pr. Dets.: Capitol Shoe Co. (Box 44), 315 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

MOTHERS' Helps: Young foreign girls avail. for short and long periods. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 229 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

PERSONAL—continued

SUMMER Holidays not yet arranged? You are still in time to join one of our house parties by the sea in Sussex, Cornwall or in Wales, a party to the Edinburgh Festival (August 27), the Isle of Wight or Channel Islands (Sept. 3 or 10), or one of our Continental holidays to Normandy and Paris (August 19), the Dolomites and Lake Garda or Austria (August 20), Spain and Majorca (August 27, Sept. 4 or 24), Italian Motor Coach Exploring Trip (Sept. 3). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

OCTOBER Holidays. 16-day tour to Rome, Florence, Pisa, Perugia. 8 days in Paris for £21 17s. 6d., including excursions and sightseeing. Three weeks to Naples, Sorrento Peninsular and Ischia. Details from Ramblers Tours, 48 (M7) Park Rd., N.W.1.

LATE holidays in Aug. and Sept.—Corsica, Majorca, Sardinia and Costa Brava, ideal for late season sunshine. A 14-day holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Write or 'phone Now for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. NS22, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

MEDIT. Tour Costa Brava, Sept. 24. 15 days 30gns. incl. S.a.e. Box 8962.

COSTA Brava. Villas and Flats to let for September, £18-£40 monthly. Some fortnightly periods available for the last half of month. October half-price. Details: Dr. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

CANAL Cruiser (5-berth) available August 27-Sept. 3. Dean's Pleasure Boats, Christleton, Chester. (Chester 35523.)

DON'T you think it's high time you came to Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon? Send a card for courses list or ring Checkendon 221.

LAST vacancies Yugoslavia or Dolomites Aug. 28 to Sept. 11. £38 10s. to £42 including Air Travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Vacancies August & onwards. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Serv., Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

WELSH Mountain Holiday: join a house party in a wonderful setting. Excellent tennis courts; sandy beach nearby; 7gns. p.w. Special Family reductions. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

TYROL-Vienna-Paris. Small private party, 27.8-11.9. Box 9091.

FOR Sale: 1936 Taxi, excellent condition, good engine. £25. Box 9012.

PROFESSIONAL Training in Motion Picture and Animated Film Production. Enrol now for new term. Heatherley Film Training Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

JOIN Now. Entrance fee waived until Sept. 15. Subscription 2gns. Special terms for married couples, country residence and students. Apply Mem. Sec., Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WELbeck 6655 for details.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

CONTINENTAL students seek homes as paying guests, au pair or exchange visitors. Family Friendships Service, 46 Muswell Hill Road, N.10.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

LARGE sunny bed-sit. room, balcony, use bath and kit., central htg., c.h.w. Central. References. Box 9104.

LARGE light room, single/double. Gas ring, bath. Mod. Crouch Hill. Box 8523.

GIRL student wntd., Fr., Span. or Eng., to share quiet study surroundings in comf. home, 15 mins. Waterloo. Box 8803.

ATTRACTIVE single bed-sit., cent. htg., own tel. ext., use bath, kit., garden, in private flat HAM. 0244.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

UPPER Berkeley St. Bed & breakfast for professional person. WEL. 8996.

PLEASANT divan-room. Young prof. woman away most weekends pref. Gd. transp. No restrictions. RIV. 8309. Box 9037.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful accom. sgle./dble., ckg. fac., garden. Perm./temp. Tel. before 8 a.m. or after 6 p.m. HAM. 4585.

HIGHBURY. Lge. pleas. room facing gdn. All facs. 37s. 6d. Brown, CAN. 3430.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Single B/S for lady. 35s. p.w. incl. MEA. 3613.

SHARE modern flat, separate bedroom. S. London, 30 mins. Westminster, City, available mid/Sept. Woman pref. mid/20s, mid/30s. 35s. per week. Tulse Hill 4475 evenings. Box 9005.

UNF. rooms to let, good posn. Highgate. Suit couple with child (not und. 12). 1 sit. room, kit./din. room, scullery, 2 bdrms. (h. & c.), bthrm. shrd. Box 8970.

GOLDERS Green, furn. sgle. room to let, ckg. facs., etc. MEA. 3886.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Reasonable. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

HOLLAND Pk. Yng. wom. offs. share of flat. C.H.W., tel., gdn. 2½gns. Box 8854.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury divan-rooms. New contemp. furn., concealed cooker. Use k., b. 57s. & 63s. MOU. 9610.

45s. Newly furn. divan-rms. H.C. Bkfst. opt. Fine rsdntl. house. TUD. 6713.

FLATLET for one. Divan-room and kitchenette (use bathroom). Clapham Common. 45s. Box 9053.

HAMPSTEAD Gdn Suburb. Pleas. mod. divan-rm., facing South. Meter, basin, c.h.w., tel., gdn. £2 p.w. SPE. 6744.

ATTRAC. Divan-room, newly dec., Regency House. French doors secluded garden, sep. cloakrm. and ckg. facils. Pleas. local., S.E., Lon. Sep. bedrm. avail. Provision some meals consid. FOR. 9039. Box 9096.

BLOOMSBURY: Comf. B/S. rm., suit prof. woman. Vacant early Sept. Box 8855.

NEAR Baker St., large double/single divan room with cooking facs. AMB. 3320.

TO Let, Hendon. Bright lge. furn. Bed/Sit., balcony, 45s. 'Phone SUN. 3330.

FURNISHED room, gas-ring, basin, in author's civilised house. Swiss Cottage. Suit writer or academic person. 2½gns. Elderly preferred. Box 9097.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WEMBLEY Park, 20 mins. Oxford Circus. Large modern bed-sitting room with board for person appreciating good food in congenial surroundings. WEMbley 8932.

WEST Hampstead, close to Tube Stn., sgle./dble. divan-rooms. Colonial students welcome. MAI. 6401/8982.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, graduate's household. Sgle. rm. 45s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

EDITOR'S widow offers furnished newly dec. bungalow in her hillside terraced garden overlooking N. Downs. One room and kitchen. Elec., main water, cont. burning fire, telephone. Lav. & bathroom in sep. detached bldg. Free baths (c.h.w.). Weekly cleaning. Secluded. 6 mins. from bus and Green Line stop. One only mature adult, self-contained, civilised and solvent. 6gns. a month. Biggin Hill 0370.

CORNWALL (Lamorna). Studio-chalet, free Aug. 27 onwards. S.a.e. Box 8971.

CORNWALL, Polruan. Furn. flat, mod. cons. Slp. 3. Fine view Fowey Harbour. Sept. 22-Oct. 8 & Oct. 18 on. Box 9074.

WANTED, unfurn. accom. for lady & dog. Nr. heath or park, pref. N.W. Box 8963.

LITERARY woman reqs. 2 unf. rooms, use k. & b., mod. rent, London. Cd. give occas. help, sec., cook, baby-sit. Box 8802.

S/C Bachelor flatlet sought by young chemist. London. Preferably unfurn. & with garage. F. & f. or lease considered. Box 9063.

BUSINESS woman with cat, wants furn. or unfurn. bed-sit. London. Box 9073.

BUSINESSMAN reqs. mod. furn. room with bathrm., use kit. C.h. Box 9115.

WANTED, London flatlet or rooms including bath, cooking facs., for family, two children, throughout Sept. Box 9021.

YOUNG prof. couple sk. semi/unf. accom. London. Any offer welcome. Box 9011.

WANTED to rent, from August 7 to Sept. 19, furnished bungalow or small house, 2/3 bedrooms, modern sanitation, on river, within 80 miles of London. Box 8959.

READERS' MARKET

WANTED: Birnie's "Economic History of the British Isles"; Odd "Scrutinys" before 1949; Collapsible Pram, reasonable condition, view London or South.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word, and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

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The WHOLESALER helps the Manufacturer

By selling his goods through the Wholesaler, the Manufacturer gains many advantages. He receives bulk orders in advance of the seasons and thus ensures an even flow of work throughout the year.

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The WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION, 75 Cannon St., London, E.C.4

Tib. 311

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

GOLD Coast Government—Broadcasting Engineers. Applications invited for one vacancy in each post of: A. Head of Engineering Training. B. Asst. in Engineering Training (Radio Frequency). C. Asst. in Engineering Training (Audio Frequency). Duties: Post A. Responsible for formulating and carrying through a training scheme in radio engineering for new entrants to the service, courses of training "on the job" for existing staff, and a course and examination approximately equal to the B.B.C.'s Grade C examination for Technical Assistants who wish to qualify for promotion into the Senior Technical Assistant Grade. Post B. Responsible under the Head of Engineering Training for the training of pupils scattered in small groups over wide areas by lectures and postal courses up to approximately the standard of the B.B.C.'s Grade C examination with emphasis on radio frequency subjects and on the theory and operation of radio frequency equipment. Will also be required to carry out some operational duties. Post C. Responsible under Head of Engineering Training for the training of pupils scattered in small groups over wide areas by lectures and postal courses up to approximately the standard of the B.B.C.'s Grade C examination with emphasis on audio frequency and power frequency subjects; also for specialised courses on the theory and operation of audio frequency and wired broadcasting equipment used in a broadcasting organisation. Will also be required to carry out some operational duties. Qualifications: All posts. Candidates should have passed or have been exempted from Sections A and B of the Associate Membership examination of the Institution of Electrical Engineers or hold equivalent qualifications. Additionally as follows: Post A. Have had previous teaching experience. Must be able to organise the training scheme in all its aspects, including postal courses, for its inception, and must have a thorough knowledge of the requirements for the engineering division of a broadcasting service. Post B. Candidates with exceptional experience but not so qualified may be considered for appointment. Candidates should have a thorough knowledge of transmitter, aerial and feeder systems, receivers, etc., and should also have a sound knowledge of the fundamental theory of audio frequency and power frequency equipment and be capable of lecturing on these subjects. Previous teaching experience is desirable. Post C. Have had appropriate experience in radio engineering. Candidates not so qualified but of exceptional experience may be considered for appointment. Candidates should have a thorough knowledge of studio apparatus and acoustics, tape and disc recording and power equipment and should also have a sound knowledge of the fundamental theory of radio frequency equipment and be capable of lecturing in this subject. Previous teaching experience is desirable. Terms of service: The appointment will be on contract/gratuity terms for one tour of 18 to 24 months with extension provision to two tours. Salary in range £1,600-£2,050 according to age, qualifications and experience. Gratuity at rate of £37 10s for each three months' completed satisfactory service. Free passage: appointment and on leave for officer; once each way for wife and up to three children under 13 years each tour. Vacation leave with pay 7 days for each month's service. Kit allowance £30 may be payable. Basically furnished accommodation at £90 p.a. rental. Income tax at low rates. Candidates in the United Kingdom should apply to the Adviser on Recruitment, Gold Coast Office, 13 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, for a form of application. Other candidates should send full personal details and statement of qualifications, experience, employments, etc., with approximate dates, to that address.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for the post of Supervisor of Field Work in the School of Social Science and Social Administration. The salary scale is that for a lecturer, viz., £850×£50—£1,150. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). The post is vacant from February, 1956. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications and experience, and give the names of two referees to whom the University may refer. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and details about the post of Supervisor of Field Work should be obtained) not later than September 30, 1955. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date.

SOCIAL Worker, trained, full-time, required by voluntary organisation concerned with welfare conditions amongst elderly people in Edinburgh. Salary not below £400. Apply before August 15 stating qualifications to Box 3884, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires for Television in North Region, Manchester (a) Producer (Telefilms). Duties include production of complete films, of Outside Broadcast film sequences and film "Shorts" for insertion into magazine and other programmes. Qualifications: Professional experience in direction and editing of films, ability to write scripts for wide variety of film subjects and to originate suggestions for film programmes, strong visual sense. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,600 p.a. maximum. (b) Film Cameraman, fully experienced in operation of all types of cinematograph cameras (both 16mm and 35mm) and in filming of magazine and documentary subjects, interiors and exteriors, with ability to film sequences for dramatic programmes. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. (c) Assistant Film Cameraman with good general knowledge of film production and cinematography, conversant with all types of motion picture cameras, experienced in exterior and interior work. Salary £620 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £830 p.a. maximum. (b) and (c) men only, able to drive car. (d) Film Editor to edit film sequences to requirements of producers in output departments, to handle 35mm and 16mm film, positive and negative, to work with magnetic sound tracks. Professional film editing experience essential. Salary £855 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,115 p.a. maximum. (e) Assistant Film Editor with general knowledge of film cutting procedure at all stages, to work on 35mm and 16mm film and handle negatives. Knowledge of picture assembling and dubbing an advantage. Salary £620 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £830 p.a. maximum. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting reference "1123 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days. Candidates must clearly indicate post applied for.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for an appointment as temporary Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics for the session 1955-6 at a salary within the range £550-£650 for an Assistant Lecturer or on the scale £650×£50—£1,350 for a Lecturer, according to qualifications and experience. The duties of the post will consist mainly of the teaching of Economics to first year students in small groups. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than September 9, 1955.

B.B.C. requires North American Programme Organiser (British subject) for North American Service providing talks, interviews, discussions and features on wide range of subjects for rebroadcasting in United States and Canada. Duties include planning and organising of work of team of producers and formulating programme ideas. Essential qualifications: organising and editorial ability, good education, wide general knowledge and interests, appreciation of technique of broadcasting the spoken word. Knowledge and experience of broadcasting in United States and Canada, of organising and directing work of a team and of original writing would be considerable advantages. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,600 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Reference 1149, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Publicity Officer in Home Press Unit, Publicity Department. Duties: seeking and preparing material for sound output of Variety, Outside Broadcasts, Children's Hour and Gramophone Departments and advising on publicity for programmes. Essential qualifications: ability to present material in style suitable for various publications and dealing direct with Press. Experience of light entertainment world an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1133 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Classics, from January, 1956. The salary scale is: £1,050×£50—£1,400 per annum. In the case of married persons only, a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present £234 p.a., is payable in addition. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics., in S. Africa and London, is Sept. 15, 1955.

STEVENAGE Museum reqs. temp. pt.-time assistant to Hon. Curator. £150 with rent-free flat. Further suitable pt.-time wk. avail. if reqd. Future prospects encouraging. Apply Sec., Museum, Stevenage, Herts.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNITED Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. Applications are invited for appointments as Executive Management Trainees in the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority. The posts offer excellent prospects of early advancement to young men and women who show promise of capacity for senior posts in management and administration. A high standard of intellectual and personal qualities will be sought: applicants must be between the ages of 20½ and 24 at August 1, 1955, and must have at least a second class Honours degree or possess professional qualifications of an equivalent standard. The Authority will provide a course of regulated training at their various Establishments with a view to fitting Management Trainees for posts of responsibility in the administration. Salary scale £500 rising by annual increments to £900 with a special increase of £60 on satisfactory completion of the initial two years' probationary period. Normally an entrant may expect advancement to a grade carrying a salary scale of £1,090 to £1,285 within not more than five years. All new entrants automatically join the Authority's contributory Superannuation Scheme. Send postcard for application form to the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, E.1, Room 11, 14 Ormond Yard, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

AUSTRALIA. University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Temporary Lecturer in French. The appointment will be for a period of two years but may be extended for a further period. The Temporary Lecturer will be expected to take up duties not later than the beginning of March, 1956. Applicants must be of French birth and education, holding at least the licence es lettres, and must have a thorough knowledge of French literature. The salary will be according to qualifications within the range £A1,200—£A1,750 per annum. Further information regarding the position and the particulars to be furnished by applicants may be obtained from Monsieur Charpentrat, Direction Generale, Bureau des Relations Culturelles, Quai d'Orsay, Paris, France. Applications, accompanied by a recent photograph and giving the names of three referees, should reach Monsieur Charpentrat not later than Sept. 30, 1955. W. M. Robb, Registrar, University of New England.

B.B.C. requires Editorial Assistant, French Section, European Services, in connection with B.B.C. French Programme Journal "Ici Londres." Qualifications: experience of editorial work including proof-reading and make-up, ability to select and commission suitable copy and sound knowledge of current trends of French thought and feeling. Knowledge of British institutions and customs desirable. Native French and good English essential. Duties involve editing, writing and translating programme notes and articles into French. Salary £1,085 or £955 p.a. according to qualifications. Appointment for three years in first instance. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "996 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London W.1, within 5 days.

AUSTRALIA—Union Theatre, University of Melbourne. Appointment of Theatre Manager. Applications for the position of Manager of the Theatre are invited. It is essential that applicants should have had practical theatrical experience and they should preferably have had some direct University experience. The Union Theatre is a constituent part of the Melbourne University Union. The Theatre, which has seating accommodation for approximately 500, is one of the best equipped small theatres in Australia, with first-class lighting facilities, full sound and film equipment, and a 32-line grid. The successful applicant will be expected to commence duty as early as possible in 1956. Salary will be £A1,400 per annum. Details of the conditions of appointment, duties involved, and the method of application, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is Sept. 15, 1955.

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in their own homes. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Inclusive salary £506 (at age 24) to £675. Form of application from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), the County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by Monday, August 29, 1955.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women for the appointment of Resident Supervisor at the Children's Reception Hostel, which is organised on modern and progressive lines. Applicants should possess a Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or should have attended a Course in Child Care. Salary: £410×£15—£470 per annum (higher for certain qualifications), less £105 per annum for board and lodging. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room will be provided. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20, Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date August 20, 1955.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CENTRAL Office of Information: Require Sampling Officer for Social Survey work. Should have mathematical or statistical qualifications of degree standard and be familiar with sampling theory and practice. Post graded Temporary Information Officer. Salary £860 to £1,030 (men); £757 to £890 (women). Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (incl. dates) to AB/AC.525, Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, by August 20, 1955. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Officer. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced persons (male or female) for the whole-time appointment of Children's Officer for the City of Sheffield. The Children's Officer is responsible to the City Council and the Children's Committee for the proper administration of the functions referred to that Committee by Section 39 of the Children Act, 1948. A wide knowledge of the care of children and experience in modern methods of child welfare are essential. Preference will be given to graduates with a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate qualification. The salary attached to this appointment is £1,412 10s per annum, rising by annual increments of £52 10s to £1,622 10s per annum. The appointment will be subject to a medical examination, three months' notice on either side, the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts, 1937-1953, and to the conditions of service contained in the Memoranda of Recommendations of the Joint Negotiating Committee for Chief Officers of Local Authorities or as otherwise determined by the Council from time to time. Forms of application may be obtained from me and applications, accompanied by two testimonials specially given for this appointment, should reach me on or before August 20, 1955. Canvassing, whether direct or indirect, is prohibited and will be a disqualification. John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield.

HOME Office: Children's Department Inspectorate. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least eight pensionable posts as Inspectors Grade II in England and Wales. Duties include inspection of arrangements for boarding out children with foster parents; children's homes and nurseries; approved schools and remand homes. Inspectors also assist in training child care workers. Age at least 28 on July 1, 1955. Candidates must have wide experience of social conditions and an understanding of behaviour problems. They should normally have had practical experience of family case work and experience of residential establishments for children will be an advantage. Preference given to holders of a University degree, or an appropriate diploma or certificate, and to those who have taken other recognised training in social or educational work. Salary scales (London) (including Extra Duty Allowance where payable)—Men £961-£1,241; Women £839-£1,121. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4496/55. Applic. forms to be returned by August 24.

DEPUTY Headmaster (resident) reqd. Ardale Approved School, Stifford, nr. Grays, Essex (acc. 124 boys 15-17 yrs.). Applicants should be fully qualified teachers, preferably experienced in similar work. Burnham scale plus four increments and responsibility allowance of £100, less £108 p.a. for board, lodging and laundry (single man). Unfurnished house, fuel, light and water provided for married man, charge to be arranged. Applic. form and further details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (OH/A2/1129), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. "Highfield House" Reception Home, Welford Road, Northampton. Applications are invited for the posts of Superintendent and Matron at "Highfield House," Northampton. This Home is used for the initial reception of all children, aged 3 to 15 years, coming into the care of the local authority. Applicants should have wide experience with children, a genuine understanding of their problems and needs, and should be capable of assessing and reporting upon a child's character, behaviour and progress. Salary: Superintendent within the salary range £326×£15—£416 per annum; Matron within the salary range £296×£15—£386 per annum, plus residential emoluments valued at £209 per annum in each case. Letters of application, giving experience and qualifications, together with the names of three referees, should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, 13 Guildhall Road, Northampton, within seven days of advertisement. J. Alan Turner, Clerk of County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry, University of London. Applications are invited from Psychiatric Social Workers to assist with research investigation into genetics of asthma. The appointment will be a full-time one and the investigation is expected to continue for about two years. Salary, etc., in accordance with Whitley Council scale Grade (a) Psychiatric Social Worker. Application forms to be returned within ten days to Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HER Majesty's Oversea Civil Service. A vacancy exists for a Senior Assistant Public Relations Officer, Public Relations Department, Sierra Leone (BCD 148/15/01). Qualifications. Experience in journalism and other publicity techniques. A good degree from a British University or its equivalent with some relevant experience or a good secondary school education with long experience in responsible journalistic work. Knowledge of one European language other than English and/or of one Protectorate language an advantage. Age limits 30-45 years but candidates outside these limits will be considered if they have special qualifications. Duties. General responsibility under the Public Relations Officer for public relations work and supervision of the work of the Department in the Protectorate, including the editorial side of local broadcasting. The officer selected would also be required to assist in the expansion of the existing services to include local broadcasting and to cover the Provinces as well as the Colony, and to provide relief for the Public Relations Officer. Terms of Appointment. On contract for one tour of 18 to 24 months in the first instance with salary in the scale £1,056 × £44—£1,287 per annum plus expatriation allowance of between £232 and £282 per annum. A gratuity of £37 10s. for each completed three months resident service (including approved leave) is payable on satisfactory completion of contract. Outfit allowance of £60. Quarters provided when available at a rental of 10% of salary subject to a maximum of £150 per annum. Free passage. Free medical attention for officer only. Leave at the rate of 7 days for each completed month of residential service. Income tax at low local rates. Apply, in writing, to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention ref. number (BCD 148/15/01).

TOYNBEE Hall, the Universities' Settlement in East London, invites applications from University men graduates for the post of Sub-Warden and Director of Education. Candidates should have had experience in educational work and have administrative ability and interest in social service. Salary £650 with furnished flat, fuel, light and board. For partics. apply to Warden, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial St., London, E.1.

CHILDREN'S Service—Res. Housemaster req'd., to take charge of house for 44 boys aged 15-17 yrs., at Ardale (senior) Approved School, Stifford, Nr. Grays, Essex. Duties include assistance with leisure activities (incl. sports and recreations); supervision; some assistance with court work and recovery of absconders. Applicants should either be approved by H.O. for Housemaster appointment or possess recog. qualifcn. (e.g., H.O. Res. Cert., Youth Leadership Diploma, etc.); unqualified candidate with adequate res. expce. might be appointed subject to H.O. approval. Salary: within scale £465 15s.-£769 10s. p.a. acc. to age and/or expce. less prescribed charge for board, lodging, etc. 8 weeks annual leave. Single accom. only. Details and application form (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1241), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (female) required. Candidates should possess the Psychological qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. National Whitley Council Salary Scale, plus London Weighting. Possession of a car would be an advantage. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications, and the names of three referees, to the Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

EXPERIENCED youth club Leader required in September for full-time post in Chelsea. Mixed youth club and children's clubs. Salary £400 rising to £450 with pension scheme. For application form apply to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, N.W.8.

THE Caldecott Community. Wanted, Assistant Matron in September to take charge of group of boys aged 7-10 years. Must be interested in the problems of maladjusted and deprived children. Some experience desirable. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. a month, less valuation of emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

EXPERIENCED Secretary, Shorthand Typist required, as soon as possible, for work in connection with Examinations for the Orthopædic Nursing Certificate. Commencing salary £390 per annum. Applications in writing, giving full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, Central Council for the Care of Cripples, Eccleston Sq., London, S.W.1. Victoria 2928.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Labour Party has vacancies for two Committee Clerks on the Staff of the Parliamentary Labour Party to commence in October next. Applicants should have had Committee, Secretarial or Administrative experience and have a good knowledge of political affairs. Shorthand would be an advantage. Salary £600 rising to £750 per annum. Superannuation Scheme. The position will entail some evening work. Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience, should be addressed to Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1., before August 27, 1955.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Shorthand-Typist on the Parliamentary Labour Party Staff. Applicants should have good speeds in both shorthand and typing and would be required to join the rota for evening work. Salary will be on the General Division Scale, with the addition of a subsistence allowance at the agreed rates for evening turns of duty. Applications, giving age, qualifications and experience, should be addressed to Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, before August 27, 1955.

LEADING Professional Society in London will have vacancy in September/October for Librarian. Preference given to applicants who have some experience in, or knowledge of, the surveyor's profession. Salary scale £755 × £30—£875. Contributory superannuation scheme. 5-day week. Applications giving full details of age, education, and previous experience to Box 9054.

FEATURE Writer required by large Petroleum Company. Appointment would be on a full-time basis for qualified man, preferably with experience in interpretation of technical matter, but full scope of subjects is wider than this. An attractive opportunity for a man wishing to work in an international industrial organisation. Salary in accordance with qualifications and pension fund rights. Examples of printed work should accompany written applications to Box ZL 880, Deacon's Advertising, 36 Leadenhall St., E.C.3.

SOLICITOR required by Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement, 131 Camberwell Road, S.E.5, to work in Legal Advice Centre. Salary £660 increasing by £30 annually to £750. For further particulars and forms of application, apply to above address, not later than August 23, 1955.

SENIOR Clerk to take control of Finance Department (T.U. office). Male or Female experienced Book-keeping, P.A.Y.E., Budget Control, salary £550 p.a.—£600 p.a. 5-day week. Application with full details to General Secretary A.S.S.E.T. Sutton House, 2/4 Homerton High Street, Hackney, E.9.

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for several interesting posts, some with short hours (10-5, no Saturdays). To £500. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus. Telephone VIC. 5084 and LON. 5397.

SHORTHAND-Typist required to act as Medical Secretary for professional Staff; medical terminology not essential. Salary Grade A Whitley Council, with speed increments. Apply immediately to the Secretary, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont St., W.1.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries wanted for temporary work on our emergency staff, 10-5, no Sats. £7 10s. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

BI-LINGUAL Engl./German secretary required for small City office. Good salary, 5-day week. Experience in paper trade an advantage. Box 9075.

SEC./Sh./typ., pref. G.C.E. Standard, expd., keen, with initiative. Small engineering office. Now or Sept. Good sal. Bonus. Exc. prospects. 5-day week. Adj. Aldgate East Tube. Phone BIS. 0451.

HISTORICAL research institution requires intelligent girl about 17-22 as clerk/shorthand-typist. Apply Warburg Institute, University of London, S.W.7.

OLD-Established Publishers require sec.-shorthand typist. No Sats. Box 8974.

PART-time assistance needed by the Central Board for C.O.s. Typing essential, shorthand desirable. Apply to the Secretary, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

INTERESTING post for competent Sh./T. to assist Director in office attached to small factory producing packaging materials nr. Cambridge Heath/Bethnal Green. Particulars of age, experience & salary to Box 9062.

IDEAL small community post. Resident Cook-Housekeeper (£240) or Cook (£200), or daily Cook, required for September in Junior School. Resident numbers 30, midday meal 50. Bed-sit. rm., own bathrm. Good holidays. Apply with refs.: Bursar, Frensham Heights, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey.

ALL-Round man, genuinely interested in education, wanted to help on the practical side in co-educational school. No teaching experience required. Full- or part-time. Good working conditions. Box 8994.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PORTMAN Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. All applicants for temporary or permanent secretarial posts, interesting and well paid, will be welcome. Open 7 p.m. Wednesdays. WEL. 4559.

SALES Assistant. An exceptional post for young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Work in West End or Kensington. Indiscraft, 1 Newman Street, W.1.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

PART-time shorthand-typist reqd. by Social Work organisation. Write for partics. to Sec., Stepney Family Service Unit, 71 Vallance Rd., E.1.

CAPABLE man or woman to run Employment Agency, South London. Box 9058.

LITERARY Agent has interesting opening for intelligent Junior (Girl). Shorthand essential. Write fully, Box 8917.

TEMPORARY employment during vacations in Lyons Teashops is offered. Young men or women are invited to apply to Staff Engagement Office, 2B Granville Place, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARIAL or other work required during evenings by young lady. Anything considered. BIS. 0027 (evenings).

MAN 40, single, ord. abilities, wide interests, expd. driver, looking for job, London; South. Most things consd. Box 9001.

YOUNG woman, 31, English Honours Graduate (London), secretarial training, ten years' experience in professional theatre, seeks interesting, congenial work. Box 9076.

PUBLISHERS' Educational Rep., 38, well paid but tired of incessant travelling, seeks change. Experienced Education, Admin., Social Work, Market research. Box 8967.

YOUNG man, artistic interests, wishing study, requires interesting position. Scientific background, typing and driving. Anything considered. Box 9052.

EXPD. person interested in people shs. post as Warden guest house, hostel religious background or new venture. Box 9020.

MALE Clerk/Book-keeper, 38, shs. change. Some typing, no shorthand. Box 9019.

WELL-educ. lady, langs., shs. post as housekeeper. Also part-time. Box 8955.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £250 or £300 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the Degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than September 7, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AUGUST Labour Monthly. "Geneva and After," R.P.D.; "The Right to Strike," Arthur Horner; "Labour Re-thinkers," James Klugmann; Unpub. Letters of Frederick Engels. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yrly. sub. from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Liberal Catholic." A quarterly magazine of literary quality. Critical, sympathetic examination of religion and mysticism. A stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Trial subscription, 7s. per annum, to 30 Gordon St., London, W.C.1.

"HEALTHY Childhood," by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

LADY Simon on Problems of Soviet Education. Also Special Schools for the Blind; and School-leaving Examination syllabuses. Soviet Education Bulletin, Vol. 2 No. 3. 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

ORGONOMIC Functionalism, 10th issue. Ritter Press, 476 Woodborough Rd., Nottm.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

CONTENTS of August "Plebs." "The Civil Service" by John Bright; "Subsidising Big Business in the U.S.A." by Mark Starr; "The House of Commons" by John Taylor, M.P.; "Re-born Germany and the Rump of Europe" by J. P. M. Millar; "Conflict Without Malice" by Rt. Hon. A. Woodburn, M.P.; "Delving for Knowledge" by C. K. Wimbor; "Two Memorable Weeks in Germany"; "This Wicked World" by J. P. M. Millar; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d. or 7s. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"LOOK and Listen," the independent journal devoted to all aspects of audio-visual education, is now under new editorship and management. Voucher copy gladly sent on request to the publishers, 62 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

AUSTRALIAN literary journal, "Meanjin" (No. 61) contains: "Katherine Mansfield," by Vance Palmer; Henry Handel Richardson's "Maurice Guest" and "The Young Cosima," by A. D. Hope and L. H. Triebel; Lu Hsün's "The True Story of Ah Q," by J. B. Hanson-Lowe; "Paul Claudel," by J. R. Lawler; "Estonian Peasant Rhymes," by Kenneth Porter; "Psychopathic Man in the Contemporary French Novel," by Jean Batt; "Arnhem Land Paintings," by Alan McCulloch; "The Notorious Case of William Hay," by F. T. Macartney, etc. Editorial: "Cultural Implications of Bandung." Short Stories, Poetry, Reviews. Stg. 30s. p.a. Univ. of Melbourne, N.3, Victoria.

"MOROCCO: The Inside Story," price 6d. Read the truth about the French occupation and the present crisis. Also "Gestapo in North Africa" (6d.), "Facts about Morocco" (3d.), "Prostitution and the White Slave Traffic" (6d.). Postage 1½d. extra. From Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1.

ROMEO & Juliet Ballet (Prokofiev) filmed. Also Newsreels Conference, Film Plans 1955-56, etc. Soviet Film Bulletin Vol. 2 No. 2, 1s. 6d., post free 1s. 9d. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8.

HEINE: "Versions & Perversions" 14 political poems tr. by C. H. Sisson. Gaberbocchus. 2s. 6d.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

CRYSTAL Palace. To let, pleasant, roomy maisonette, 4 rooms, bathroom, phone. Partly furnished. £172 p.a. SYD. 5349.

KINGSTON: furn. flat, near station, overlooking Fairfield. 3 rooms, kit., bath, 'phone, piano, gdn., £3 15s. wk. KIN. 3939.

S. CORNWALL. To let furn. for winter months. Exceptionally well-equipped, easily run bungalow by sea. Also, charming thatched cottage, entirely modernised, 2 miles inland, overlooking bay. All elec. kit., imm. heaters, spring beds. 5gns. wk. ea. Box 9016.

FARMHOUSE in olive grove above Torremolinos, Malaga (Spain), wonderful views across Mediterranean, to let for 6 months from October. All comforts, sleep 4-5, suit Artist, Author or Musician. £30 sterling per month including maid. Gallegos, Redcroft, Polegate, Sussex.

SUFFOLK. Charm. furn. cott., 4 rms., kit., phind. Let 6 mths. 50s. p.w. Box 8932.

S. AMERICAN architect requires 3- to 4-bedroomed house, garden, garage pref. central heating, in or very near Oxford. 1 year from September 1. Reasonably generous rent for gracious house of any period. No suburban villas please. Details by Air Mail, Pizano, Apartado Aereo 4976, Bogotá, Colombia.

WANTED, flat, 2/3 rms., k. & b., unfurn. Hampstead (Town). Box 9004.

TEACHER desires small unfurnished flat, London area pref. S/C. F. & F. considered. Box 8860.

DESPAIRING young couple, two babies, wish to rent permanently, any unfurnished, isolated dwelling. Box 8961.

UNIV. Lecturer seeks small s/c flat, central, from Oct. 1. Med. rental. Box 9036.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

RICHMOND Hill. Det. corner property with garden. 13 rooms all fitted h. & c. w., newly refurn. Reversionary Freehold producing over £1,000 p.a. net as furn. service flatlets. Price £5,950 incl. furniture or full vac. possession unfurn. £4,950. Mortgage at 5½% of appr. £2,000 available. Balance cash. Owner going abroad. Box 9033.

S/C. freehold service flats, flatlets and garages to be built, if sufficient demand, Central/N.W. London. Box 9064.

N. SCOTLAND, nr. fine coast scenery. Writer's comfortable modernised house, edge village. "Aga," matured gdn. garage. V. mod. price, or might let. Box 8949.

IN quiet vilge. 12 mls. S.W. of Oxford nr. Thames, convt. stone fm. hse., part 17th Cent., 3 recep., 5 bed., 2 dressg., 2 bath., Aga ckr., main elec. Walled gdn., paddock & orchd. In vilge. but secluded. Imm. Frhld. posen. £3,500 or nrst. offer: Girling, The Limes, Standlake, Oxon. Tel. Standlake 242.

AMERSHAM Old Tn. The most beautiful early Georgian house in Amersham. Perfect cond., c.h., 4 recep. rms., 5 bedrms., 2 bathrms. S/C. 2nd floor flat. Walled gdn. 1 hr. London. £7,500. Box 8716.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). St. Sun. 5 & 8. Waiting for Godot. Mems.

UNITY: We're on holiday, too, this week-end (Aug. 14). Re-open Fri., Aug. 19, with "Peacemeal." EUS. 5391. Mems.

"MADAME Butterfly"—Royal Festival Hall. New Film Version in Technicolor. Actors from Takarazuka School & Stars, Chorus & Orch. Royal Opera House, Rome. Suns. Aug. 14 & 21, at 4.30 & 7.30.

INDIAN Independence Day: celebration at King George's Hall, Adeline Place, W.C.1 (off Gt. Russell Street), Monday, August 15, at 7.30 p.m. Indian dances; orchestral and solo instrumentalists; Songs, soloist Kaushalya Kumari of All-India Radio. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 5s., from The India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2, and at the door.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 14: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (U). Aug. 15: "The Fallen Idol" (A). Aug. 18: "The Third Man" (A)

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat. Aug. 13. Judy Holliday in "It Should Happen to You" (U). Dir.: George Cukor. 2, 4, 6, 8.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 61st Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 17. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Small Prints. Renoir's Jean Renoir Drawing, Manet's Roadmenders, Christopher Wood's Red Funnel, just published. 12s. 6d. plus 2s. 11d. tax.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mondrian, 1872-1944: retrospective exhibition. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Till Aug. 16.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Young Midland Artists. Aug. 9-Sept. 10. Daily 10-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. New Sculptors & Painter-Sculptors. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6. Sats. until 1. Adm. free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. Paintings by Singapore Artists until Aug. 21. Wkdys. 10-4.30. Sats. 10-5. Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Summer Exhib. British & French Artists.

FOUR French Realists. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings by André Minaux, Ginette Rapp, Roger Montané, Jean Vinay. Tate Gallery. Till Sept. 4, week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Boudin, Corot, Courbet, Degas, F/Latour, Picasso, Signac and others. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Some French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MODERN Furniture and Furnishings for Bed-sitting Room by well-known designers. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1955. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes Aug. 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Millichip, Souza, Christoforou, King, Weatherson: recent work.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibn., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. "The Painted Caravan." Monotypes by Basil Ivan Rákóczi. Till Aug. 27. Tues.-Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Closed Mondays.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Original Pavilion furniture lent from Buckingham Palace by gracious wish of H.M. the Queen. Gold plate and silver by Regency craftsmen. The State and Private apartments completely furn. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily, inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assn. Mr. Jean-Pierre Lenoir, Paris Drama correspondent of "The Times," on "The Modern French Theatre." Mon. Aug. 15, Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lec., Sun., 8 p.m. Aug. 14: "Mediums and Adepts."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. August 20 at 6 p.m. Senor J. de Murga: "El art abstracto."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Natural Health Society—3rd Mon. each month. 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Aug. 15: Boris R. Chaitow, "Nature Cure for Indigestion." Free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

YOGA. Sri Yogiraj Edward Hain, M.A., recently returned from Sivananda Ashram, Rishikesh, Himalayas, will conduct a Basic Course of 12 lessons in Yoga on consecutive Thursday evenings from 6.30 to 7.20 p.m. starting Sept. 22, 1955. Apply for prospectus and terms to The Secretary, Y.P.S. School, 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. (Office closed Aug. 27-Sept. 11.)

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., London, N.W.3.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADV and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

SECRETARIAL Training Fees. Londoners £28 per annum (under 18 free). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

TYPEWRITING. Touch-typing in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons: beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV. 0754.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

LOCAL History, Residential Course on "The English Village: 1750-1950" at Madingley Hall, Cambridge, Aug. 20-27, 1955. Full details from: F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Mill Lane, Cambridge.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting by expert, freelance. BAY. 1786.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

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AUSTRALIAN having held responsible secretarial positions, also Librarian, available for freelance work. Box 8939.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating and Secretarial Agency. First-class work by expd. secs. 395 Hornsey Rd. N.19. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

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